

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,636

SEPTEMBER 20, 1890



# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE



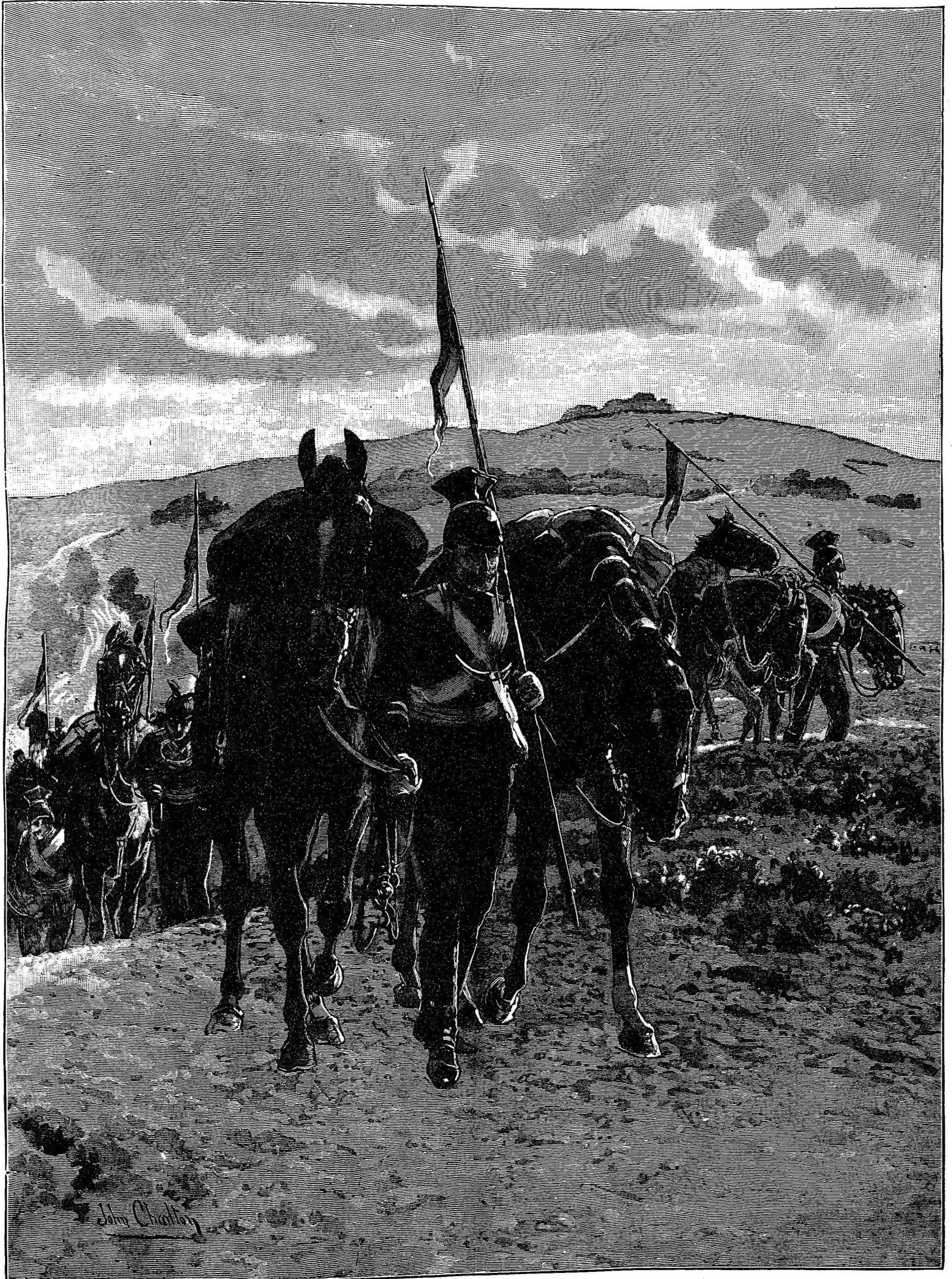
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,086.—Vol. XLII.  
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE  
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THE END OF THE DAY—LANCERS LEADING THEIR HORSES INTO CAMP AFTER A LONG DAY'S MARCH  
THE CAVALRY MANŒUVRES



of either taste or principle. Then thirst is no respecter of persons; and it is those who need to save their pence who merit the first consideration in so important a matter. A plentiful supply of pure water at every railway station is the simple and obvious solution of the whole difficulty. And the railway servants, especially those who are in locomotion, are in the same plight as passengers. They are frequently driven to the nearest public-house, not out of taste or preference, but out of sheer necessity. There is no water, and therefore they must drink beer. It is to be hoped that the railway companies are not playing into the hands of the refreshment contractors by their neglect to provide the first requisite of common comfort: but those ostentatiously repulsive water-bottles in the refreshment-rooms of even the most pretentious stations, and the difficulty of discovering drinking-fountains, are a little suspicious. To judge from current complaints, the recent hot weather must have inflicted a great amount of avoidable discomfort upon all classes of travellers; and no doubt the simple boon that is prayed for will be granted within—say twenty years from now.

WOOLWICH ACADEMY.—Every year a side-splitting farce is enacted at the great national institution where candidates for commissions in the scientific corps receive their professional training. A little party of highly-distinguished officers goes down annually to Woolwich, makes a close inspection of the Academy buildings, and reports thereon for the information of the War Office. For many years these august visitors have periodically called attention to certain notorious evils without producing the slightest change. The War Office listens, highly approves, and—does nothing. Thus, at the end of last term, there were thirty-four cadets in residence beyond the regulation number, with the result, of course, that the juniors had a very limited amount of sleeping accommodation. As regards the long-promised chapel, it is still "going to be built," and some sanguine body even believes that the required amount of room will be supplied before the end of the century. The report makes no mention of that old deficiency, the want of a separate hospital for infectious diseases. We will, therefore, give the War Office the benefit of the doubt, and assume that it has done the needful at last. Some pretence is also made, we understand, of taking the chill off the bath in winter, although the cadets still have to find their way thither from their bedrooms across an uncovered space. That, however, is a mere trifle; we only mention it by way of showing how Spartan-like are the arrangements at Woolwich compared with other public schools. Yet parents pay pretty stiffly for their lads at the Academy; in that respect, at all events, it holds its own well enough. Otherwise, the lesson it seems to teach is that the State does not succeed so well as private bodies in running a high-class educational establishment.

THE LAST OF THE SEA-SERPENT.—Not so very long ago the autumn, or "Silly Season," as it was profanely called, was the time of year in which we looked for our gigantic gooseberry, our shower of frogs, and our sea-serpent, as regularly as for the flowers in spring or meteors in November; but of late the world has grown careless of these old friends, and they have almost faded from our memories. It is therefore with a feeling of gentle melancholy that we read, on the testimony of a voracious Yankee skipper, that the sea-serpent has been gathered to its fathers, those antediluvian monsters the syllables in whose names are only outnumbered by the joints in their fossil backbones. The skipper saw the sea-serpent's body floating on the sea with a huge gash across its back; and the thoughtless opine that the monster, whilst enjoying the afternoon nap of honoured old age, was run into and killed by some liner racing against time. But it is not so. This is a case of distressing suicide brought about directly, and of malice prepense, by the autumnal editor, who has allowed an ingenious inventor to fill many columns with the gratuitous labour of a guileless public by propounding unto it foolish questions. And, amid the consequent beating of the air, the old sea-serpent was forgotten, till, saddened by persistent neglect, he draped the seaweed of his dignity about him, and with more than Roman fortitude cast himself beneath the bows of the steam-monster which has supplanted the flapping dragons of his primæval youth. His disappearance cannot be called premature, for he has outlasted many things, and, in the struggle for life in this end of a century, there is no room for such a simple-minded old person as the sea-serpent.

SPY!—The German officials have actually condescended to explain how they came to take Mr. Fox and Mr. Siddons, two Englishmen visiting Cologne, for French spies, and to detain them until they were able to prove that official error is not impossible, even in the Fatherland. The explanation is shortly as follows. One of the tourists had been seen in the act of sketching a village church: and obviously the architecture of village churches is of immense strategic importance to the French military authorities. Again, the culprit spoke German very badly; and of course a spy is selected for his inability to ask questions and to understand what he hears about him. Furthermore, their passports had not been *visé* for two years: a most suspicious circumstance, seeing that under existing regulations passports are not

required at all. Evidently there was a mystery somewhere. Finally, neither Mr. Fox nor Mr. Siddons had written his name in the book of the hotel where they were staying: and, notoriously, spies are just the people to omit simple precautions the neglect of which might possibly get them into trouble. This process of reasoning would, in this country, have been ascribed to Dogberry; but it appears to be regarded as convincing in Westphalia. Seriously, the two tourists seem to have been taken for French spies because they were obviously English, and because their acts, both of commission and of omission, were the exact reverse of those of any sane spy. Perhaps, however, all this was taken as evidence of their profound cunning; perhaps they were thought the more suspicious because, on the surface, they were so remarkably little open to suspicion. The Teutonic mind is very subtle and very profound. Therefore let people with a taste for sketching and an indifference to recording their names beware of Cologne. They may find themselves in circumstances under which they will receive—Explanations? Perhaps. But Compensation? No.

NOTICE.—With this number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE MILLINER," from the painting by F. H. Kaemmerer.

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FOR PARTICULARS OF THE MILITARY AND FRENCH EXHIBITIONS, see page 333.

## LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY

**BRIGHTON.** Cheap First Class Day Tickets London to Brighton every Weekday. From Victoria 10.0 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. New Fast Train 9.30 p.m. Brighton to Victoria direct. Cheap 10s. 6d. 1st Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday. From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s. Pullman Cars run in London and Brighton Fast Trains.

**HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, and EAST-BOURNE.**—Every Weekday Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 8.10 and 9.15 a.m., London Bridge 8.15 and 9.55 a.m., New Cross 8.10 and 10.0 a.m., East Croydon 8.30 and 10.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road), 9.50 a.m., Clapham Junction 8.15 and 10.10 a.m. Every Sunday Special Fast Trains from London Bridge 9.45 a.m., New Cross 9.30 a.m., Victoria 9.45 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road), 9.10 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.30 a.m., and East Croydon 9.50 a.m. Special Day Return Tickets, 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s.

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS.**—EVERY WEEKDAY CHEAP FAST TRAINS by the New Direct Route from Victoria 9.30 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon. EVERY SUNDAY CHEAP RETURN TICKETS by all Trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, London Bridge, New Cross, Forest Hill, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon. Returning by any Train same day only. Special Day Return Tickets, 10s., 7s., 3s. 6d.

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Special Express Day Service (Weekdays and Sundays).		Paris to London (1 and 2 Class).	
London to Paris (1 and 2 Class).	dep.	Paris (St. Lazare).	dep.
Victoria (West End) . . . . .	9.0 a.m.	Paris (St. Lazare) . . . . .	9.0 a.m.
London Bridge (City) . . . . .	9.0 a.m.	London Bridge (City) . . . . .	7.0 p.m.
		Victoria (West End) . . . . .	7.0 p.m.
Paris (St. Lazare) . . . . .	6.50 p.m.		

The morning departure from London will on September 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th, be postponed until 11.50 a.m., arriving in Paris correspondingly later. Improved Express Night Service (Weekdays and Sundays). London to Paris (1, 2, 3 Class). dep. Victoria (West End) . . . . . 8.50 p.m. London Bridge (City) . . . . . 9.0 p.m. Paris (St. Lazare) . . . . . 8.0 a.m. Victoria (West End) . . . . . 8.0 a.m. London Bridge (City) . . . . . 7.50 a.m.

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FOR full particulars, see Time Book or Tourists' Programme, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**BRIGHTON THEATRE and OPERA HOUSE.**—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NVE CHART.—MONDAY, September 22, Mr. EDWARD TERRY and COMPANY.

**BRITANNIA THEATRE.**—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANF.—Monday, September 22, and during the week, THE POINTSMAN. Misses Oliph Webb, Marshall; Messrs. Algernon Syms, W. Steadman, J. B. Howe, W. Gardiner, &c.—INCIDENTALS—Concluding with NOTHING TO NURSE.

**LYCEUM.—RAVENSWOOD—THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING** September 20, at Eight o'clock, will be given for the FIRST TIME, a play by Herman Merivale, from the story of the "Bride of Lammermoor." Ravenswood—Mr. IRVING, Mr. TERRY, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Howe, Mr. Gordon Craig, Mr. Tyars, Mr. Haviland, Miss Marriott, Miss Le Thière, Mrs. Pannepot, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) now open 10 to 5.—LYCEUM.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.** NOW RENDERED THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON. ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. TWENTY-SIXTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR of the world-famed **MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'** at the St. James's Hall in one continuous season. THE NEW PROGRAMME PRODUCED ON THE OCCASION OF THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION. Last Thursday, the 18th inst., having been received with the utmost enthusiasm, will be repeated EVERY NIGHT. DAY PERFORMANCES. EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Places can be secured a month in advance at Tree's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.** ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, will RE-OPEN for the AUTUMN SEASON on MONDAY EVENING, September 29, at eight o'clock, with CAR-NIVAL TIME, by Malcolm Watson, music by Corney Grain. Concluding with (for the first time) an entirely new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled SEASIDE MANIA.—Booking office now open from 10 to 6, Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s.



## THE CAVALRY MANOEUVRES

THIS year, for the first time on record, our mounted forces have had manoeuvres all to themselves. For the last fortnight the Berkshire Downs, an expanse of open down land lying between the villages of Churn and Uffington, have echoed with the clatter of accoutrements and the tramping of troops. The Cavalry Division was commanded by Sir Baker Russell, and attached to it was a strong detachment of mounted infantry (a picture of whom appeared in *The Graphic* of August 9th) under Colonel Hutton, and two batteries of Horse Artillery. The whole operations were conducted under the direction of Sir Evelyn Wood. The troops left Aldershot on Saturday, September 6th, and after a long and dusty march arrived at Crookham Heath, the Lancers being the last to come in. Other camps were formed at Uffington and Churn for the two other brigades—the total number of troops under arms being some four thousand. Two or three days were taken up with marching and counter-marching, and then the operations proper began. Of these the most novel, and, to the general public, perhaps, most interesting, was the swimming practice. Some officers of the Horse Guards and Life Guards were the first to try the new experiment, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in swimming their horses across the Thames, near Moulsof Lock. On Saturday there was a sharp skirmish between the "enemy," under Major-General Le Quesne and the home troops, under Colonel Liddell, but nothing decisive; while on Monday fresh interest was imported into the operations by the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, who watched the troops from the Ridgway. A good deal of interest has been excited among military men, both British and foreign, by the manoeuvres. An amusing and suggestive letter from "Un Sabreur" was published in the *Times* last week.—Our illustrations are from drawings by our special artist.

## THE FIRE AT SALONICA

To our account of this disaster, published last week, we need only add that 18,000 people were rendered homeless. Tents were issued by the Turkish Government to the poorer people, and the Sultan ordered 20,000 rations of bread to be distributed daily. His Majesty also formed a Relief Committee at Salonica, and headed the subscription list with the sum of 500l. Meanwhile the Lord Mayor's Fund in aid of the sufferers has been well supported, especially by the Greek Colony in London.—Our illustrations are from photographs kindly sent by Mr. H. C. Suter, Salonica.

## THE LATE CANON LIDDON

AND THE GERMAN NAVAL MANOEUVRES See page 320

## "URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

A NEW serial story, by S. Baring Gould, M.A., illustrated by Frank Dadd, R.I., is continued on page 321.

## A LADIES' CRICKET MATCH

See page 331

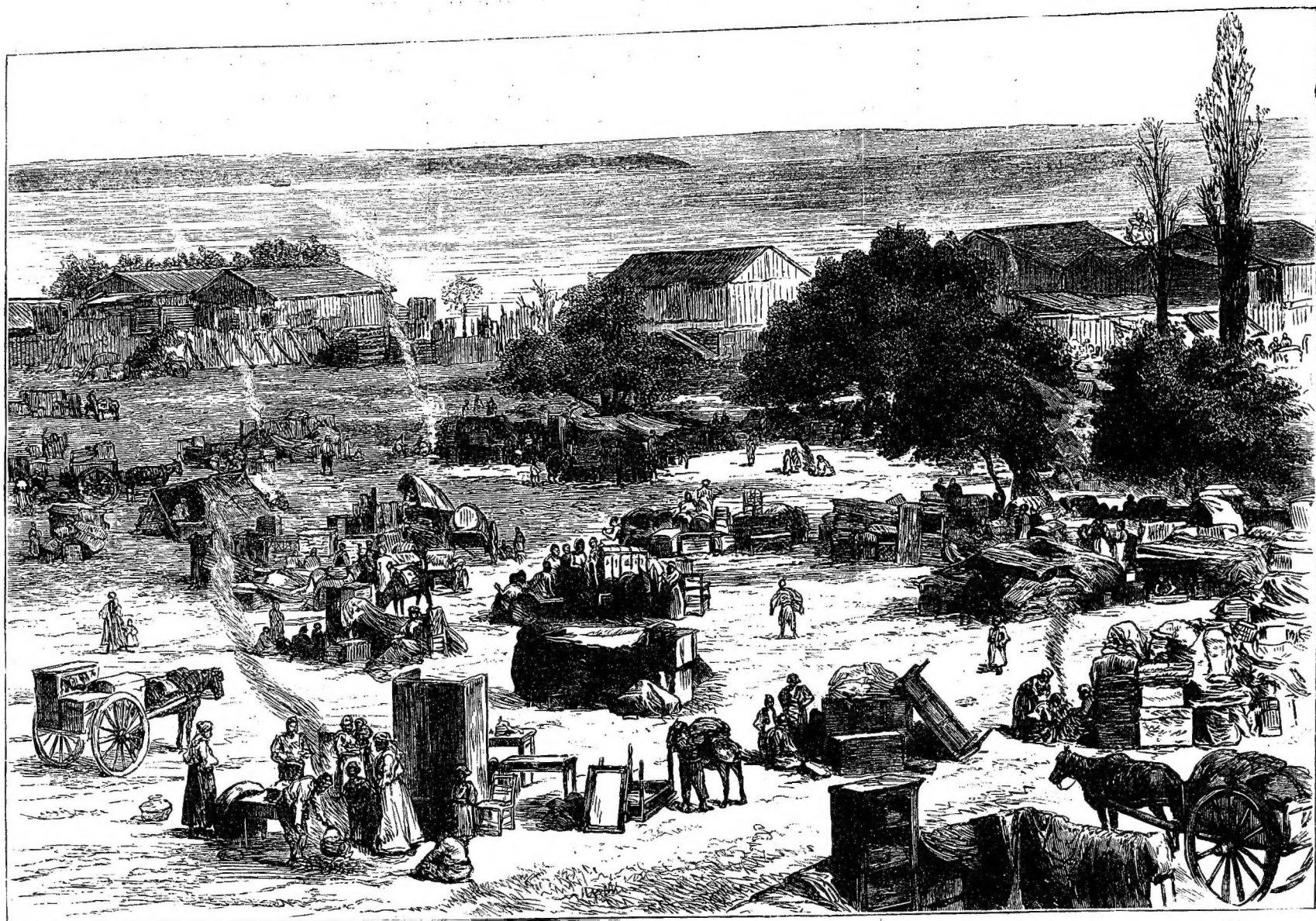
## "HOW LISA LOVED THE KING"

THAT wonderful collection of stories, the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, has always been a rich mine of wealth for painters in want of a picturesque subject. Mr. Blair Leighton has done well once more to resort to it. The story which he has illustrated is briefly this:—Lisa, the daughter of a rich apothecary in Palermo, sees King Pietro, the lord of the island, in the street one day and straightway falls madly in love with him. Her passion is naturally hopeless, and soon sends her into a decline. In spite of all that her father and mother can do, she is like to die; so, being determined that before her death the King shall know of her affection, she desires his favourite musician, Minaccio d'Arezzo, to come and sing to her. After listening to his songs, she tells him privately of the cause of her illness. Minaccio promises to help her, and, on his return to the King, sings him a new ballad, setting forth Lisa's hopeless love. The King is interested, and inquires of Minaccio how he came by it. Minaccio tells him the whole story, and the good-natured King goes to see Lisa; which kindness affects her so much that she is soon as well as ever. Whereupon the King gives her in marriage to a young gentleman of his Court, and bestows a dowry upon her.

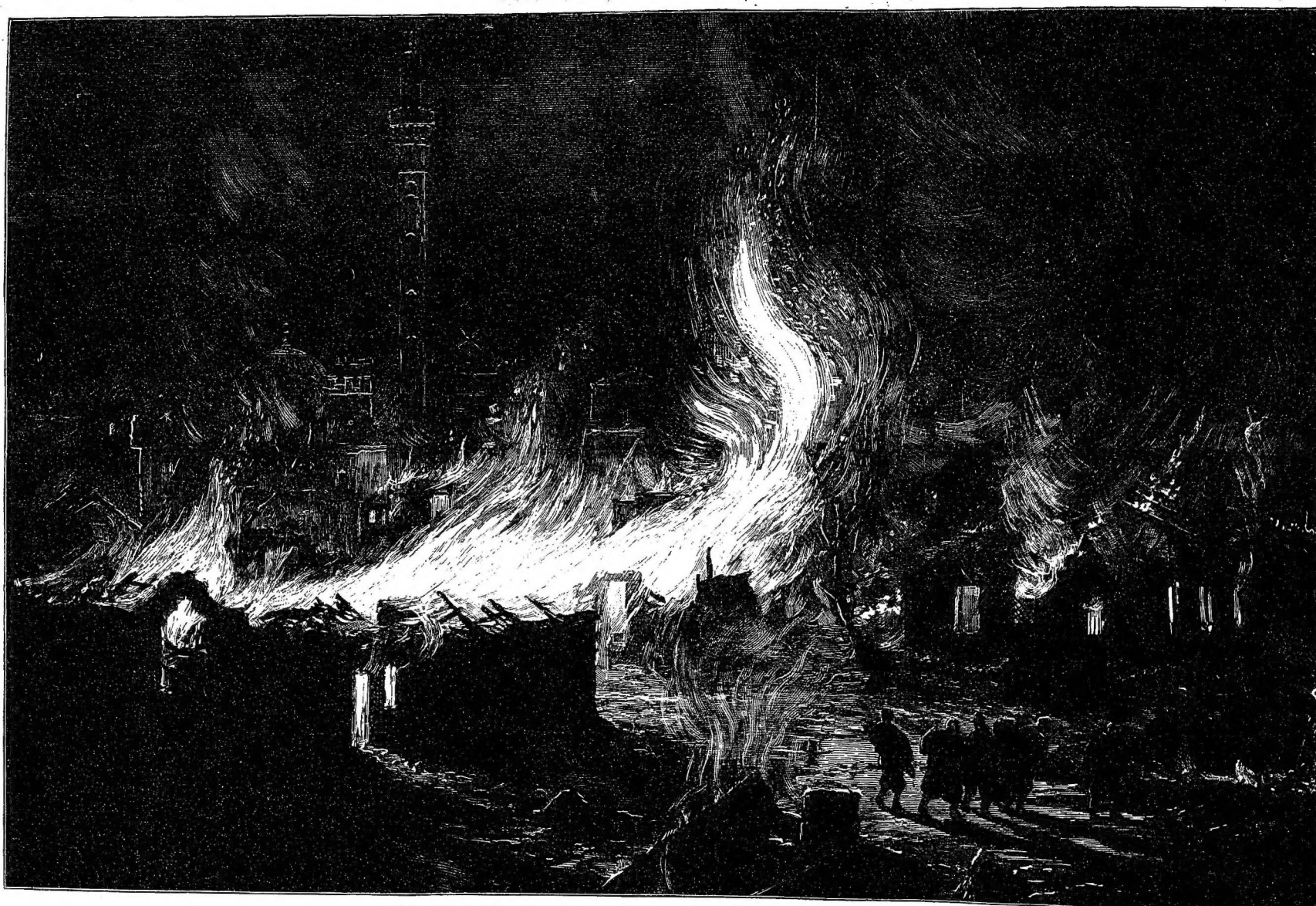
## A MEET OF THE SKETCHING CLUB AT BUSHEY

THE scene of the drawing is situated near the village of Bushey, where Professor Herkomer has his "School for Painting." In summer the school hours close at three o'clock, and then the students, eager to exchange the confined atmosphere of the painting room for the ozone of the fields and meadows, hurry away, and hie them to the orchard of the "Old Farm," where, in the summer months, as many as thirty may be discovered of an afternoon. The old orchard is situated about a mile away from the little bustling village of Bushey. It is a most sequestered nook, buried in dense clumps of wide-spreading elms, and shut in by high hedges—and is only overlooked by the quaint old red-tiled farm-steading. It is most difficult of access, the very path to it being beset by lofty and impassable stiles. The stiles, however, form no impassable barriers to the Bushey students who, in their frequent field-walks, have many opportunities of practising the feat of getting over





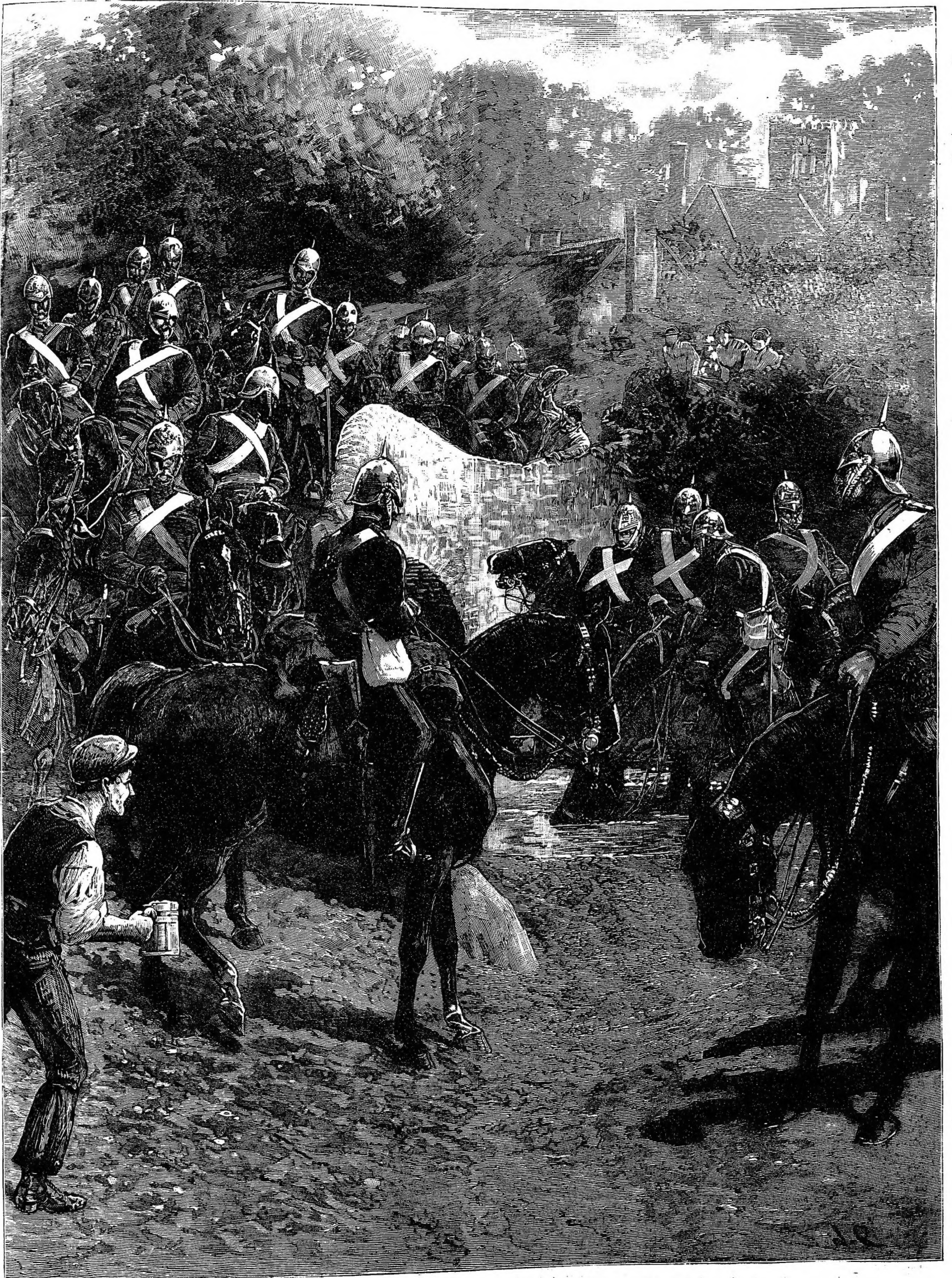
THE HOMELESS PEOPLE CAMPING OUT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN



SCENE NEAR THE MOSQUE OF SAINT SOPHIA SOON AFTER THE OUTBREAK

THE GREAT FIRE AT SALONICA





THE GUARDS ON THE MARCH FROM ALDERSHOT TO CHURN CAMP—ARRIVING AT A WATERING-PLACE  
THE CAVALRY MANŒUVRES



OUR illustrations, which are from sketches by Mr. J. H. Roberts, 66, Tisbury Road, Brighton, are sufficiently explained by their titles.

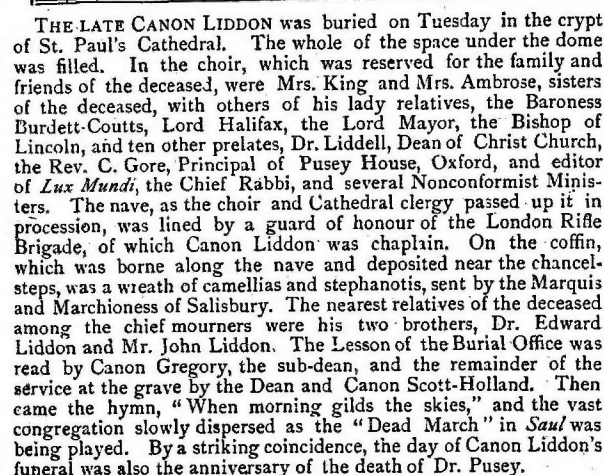
THE special dress and large hat worn by M. Kaemmerer's young milliner give this picture a striking originality. Beneath her sly look we detect the pleasure which she derives from having to deliver hats at the houses of ladies of fashion, and also the care which she has taken to don her best attire, and to make as long a walk as possible. Does she not well symbolise Pleasure, Happiness, and Youth?

The artist has always been noted for his graceful feminine compositions, and this year it has been a great surprise for the public to see at the Salon of the Champs Elysées a view taken in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, representing the "Mur des Fédérés," so little in keeping with the charming young girls of his previous canvasses.

Although born at The Hague, M. Kaemmerer is nevertheless in heart and sentiment a Frenchman. He completed his studies in the *atelier* of the celebrated artist Gérôme, and at the Salon of 1876 he received a medal of the third class. Since that time all his pictures have been of French subjects; they are essentially Parisian. Many have been reproduced by various processes of engraving. We may cite "Une Noce sous le Directoire," and the companion picture, "Un Baptême sous le Directoire," which were exhibited about 1872, and became very popular; then "Une Dispute," a picture full of action, representing a quarrel, in a *café*, between two men; "Le Départ pour l'Eglise," "En Été," "Le Nouveau-Né;" last year, "La Romance," and this year, besides the work previously mentioned, he sent to the Salon a *genre* painting, entitled "Tron Chers."

At the Universal Exhibition of 1889 a second-class medal and the Cross of the Legion of Honour were accorded to this artist in recognition of his conscientious, painstaking labours, and this reward was fully approved by the public.

"AUTOMATIC MACHINES."—Our attention having been called to a statement in the article on "Life and Character at a Railway Station," published last week, tending to cast doubt on the honesty of these machines, we may state, on good authority, that the cases in which they fail to do their duty are, comparatively speaking, rare; and are usually due to the mechanism having been tampered with by the public.



TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF CANON LIDDON were paid on Sunday in many churches, metropolitan and provincial, and several Nonconformist places of worship. Preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral, Canon Scott Holland spoke of the memory which Dr. Liddon had bequeathed to his hearers there of "the motionless crowd of upturned faces, as the yellow lights flickered and shone through the illuminated haze of some heavy December afternoon, while all the walls were yet tremulous with the lingering music of the service, while higher and higher, the piercing tones of that beautiful voice filling all the dome, with kindling figure and flashing eye, he reasoned of righteousness and of judgment to come." At Westminster Abbey Canon Duckworth said of him that "an intense singleness of purpose, an absolute devotion to the cause of truth, breathed through every word that he ever wrote or spoke."—"At the conclusion of his sermon at Union Chapel, Islington, Dr. Allon referred to the death of Cardinal Newman and of Canon Liddon. He doubted, he said, whether any Roman Catholic had a larger sense of the sanctity and religious consecration of Cardinal Newman's character and life, and of his great gifts, than many a Nonconformist, and he doubted also whether any Episcopalian honoured Canon Liddon's great qualities as a faithful spiritual teacher, or as a theological thinker and defender of the common Faith, more than the Nonconformists. For his part, when he stood in the presence of men so holy, and whose services had been so great, he did not care to think of their Church or baptism."

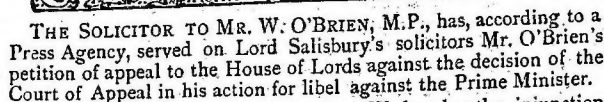
THE COUNCIL OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNION had, according to the *Record*, expended up to last Easter 2,682*l.* on behalf of the Rev. J. Bell-Cox, and, other expenses having been since incurred, they now require another 200*l.* to relieve him of liability.

THE CONGREGATION of the English Church at Contrexéville last Sunday were edified by hearing the First Lesson read by Sir Walter Barttelot, the staunch Conservative M.P. for North-West Sussex, when he was followed in the reading of the Second Lesson by Mr. Pierce Mahony, the equally staunch Parnellite M.P. for North Meath.

A MEMORIAL TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS BISHOP BERKELEY, in the ancient cathedral of his Diocese at Cloyne, was unveiled on Monday by Mr. George T. Berkeley, a descendant of the eminent and amiable prelate. The work of Mr. Bruce Joy, it is in the form of an altar-tomb, all in alabaster, in which is a recumbent figure of the good Bishop in his episcopal robes. 400*l.* was the sum asked for, but nearly 500*l.* was subscribed, Oxford and Cambridge giving liberally, and even America contributing.

THE PRESIDENT and SECRETARY of the Wesleyan Conference have issued a sort of Pastoral, in which the ministers of their Communion are admonished against intruding "political predilections into spiritual utterances." They are recommended to treat social problems from a Christian stand-point, and in a spiritual temper.

MR. SPURGEON has given his hearty adhesion to the cause advocated by the Church of England Burial Reform Association.



MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE refused on Wednesday the injunction asked for to restrain the proprietor of the Pelican Club from using the club for glove-fights and other entertainments complained of as a nuisance to the tenants of the adjoining property. The affidavits were so conflicting, the Judge said, as to make a decision difficult. He had arrived at it on the ground that the main case against the defendant being the glove-fights, which took place only once in three months, the matter was not so urgent as to require an injunction. The trial of the action would come on in a reasonable period, and, if there were any injury to the property of the plaintiffs in the meantime, they could relieve themselves then.

**REGISTRATION ITEMS.**—The annual work of the Revising Barristers has begun, and some of the proceedings in the Registration Courts this week are more or less interesting. At the Guildhall it was with some difficulty that the Barrister was induced to expunge from the list the name of the late Canon Liddon, as at first he cautiously insisted that he must have "evidence of death."—At Edmonton, in adjudicating on a disputed lodger claim, the Barrister pointed out that the law fixing the annual value of the qualifying premises at 10s. unfurnished left room for a great divergence of opinion as to the value of furnished lodgings, and as to the division of payment made both for board and lodging. He held that, in order to qualify, the rooms or room which the lodger-claimant occupied must be worth unfurnished 3s. 10d. a week, or furnished 6s. 6d. a week, the occupation of two furnished rooms being *prima facie* a sufficient qualification. In the same Court the Barrister sustained the often-recurring objection to votes claimed by militia officers and men, raised by the Liberal agent on the ground that as they were ordered away to be trained for twenty-seven days during the year they were not in continued occupation of the premises in respect of which they claimed.

THE ASTON MAGISTRATES made an important announcement at their recent annual licensing session. It is based on their opinion that the number of public-houses in their district is in excess of the requirements of the population, and ought to be reduced. They contemplate making such a reduction next year, beginning with the occupiers of "tied" houses, in which the landlord of the house is simply the servant of the brewer or spirit-merchant, and, being paid a small salary or a commission on the trade done, is not considered by the Aston Bench really responsible for the conduct of the house or the safety of the licence. Such occupiers have been warned that next year a licence may be refused to any one who is not the *bona fide* owner of the house.

**THE REPORT** just issued by the Directors of Convict Prisons for 1889-90 indicates a most gratifying diminution of crime in England and Wales. The number of sentences of penal servitude passed by ordinary Courts was 918, and was lower than in any previous year, 1886 alone excepted. A much more striking fact is, that the rate has fallen from an annual average of 2,589 such sentences for the five years ending the 31st December, 1859, when there was a population of nineteen millions and a quarter, to an annual average of 945, for the similar period ending the 31st December last, with a population of twenty-eight millions and a quarter.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER of twenty-three, Matthew Bennett, of the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards, who when on sentry-duty at Wellington Barracks fired, without any motive, his loaded rifle, the bullet from which struck a passer-by, has been tried for assault at the Central Criminal Court. The details were reported in this column at the time of the prisoner's examination before the magistrate. The defence set up was that when the act was committed the prisoner was under the influence of epileptic vertigo, and was unconscious. This theory was only to some extent corroborated by medical evidence. The jury while finding him guilty of an assault, added that in their opinion he had no object in committing it, and acted on the spur of the moment. Mr. Justice Charles sentenced him to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

THE PRESENT INDIAN SUMMER has deceived the strawberries. In many parts of East Kent the strawberry plants are blooming for the second time this season.

**THE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION** which Professor Koch claims to have discovered is to be tried on several patients in the Berlin Hospital. Hitherto, the German doctor has only experimentalised on animals.

A FINE AFRICAN LION CUB has been brought to England as a present to the Queen from the Sultan of Sokoto, ruler of one of the most fertile districts of West Central Africa. The creature is very tame, and was a regular plaything on board during the voyage.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S LATE ATTACK OF TYPHOID FEVER is attributed to a glass of water he drank when on a yachting expedition at Sétubal. Owing to the intense heat, King Charles was too thirsty to wait for wine to be brought, though the unpleasant taste of the water made him feel ill at once. He then exposed himself to the burning sun all day till the cool night wind set in, and produced a chill. After an aguish attack in the night the King insisted on joining a paper-chase next day, and serious illness followed. His Majesty is now about again, and able to transact public business.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT is preparing for her new part of Cleopatra with much enthusiasm. She even intends to carry realism so far as to introduce a living snake for the fatal asp—a harmless reptile caught in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Several of these snakes will always be kept at hand as understudies, in case the one chosen for the evening's use should slip through her fingers. Madame Bernhardt will stain her skin a dusky hue, and wear black hair, dressed in the Egyptian style, after the designs on the old monuments, while she expects to produce a great sensation with her long clinging Egyptian robes, of most severe and historically accurate cut. M. Sardou's piece will be produced next month at the Par. Porte St. Martin.

It is quite possible that the name of racing may be vehemently objected to. The captains and owners of the greyhounds of the ocean will protest that the faintest imagination of racing never was before their mind in any voyage to or from New York. Still, when we read that two such steamers as the *City of New York* and the *Teutonic* kept within sight of each other for more than half the run across, and that very large sums changed hands when the voyage was completed, it matters not greatly by what name the race is called—the thing is there. And in no season for many years have so many steamers of the largest size been able to claim a front rank in the list of ocean runners. The competitors for the first place on the Atlantic this year include in all six steamers, two belonging to the Inman line, the *City of Paris* and the *City of New York*; two to the White Star Line, the *Teutonic* and the *Majestic*; and two to the Hamburg-American Line, the *Columbia* and the *Normannia*. The first four named make Liverpool the port of departure. The last two sail from Hamburg, calling at Southampton. Three of the six were built on the Clyde, the two Inman steamers and the *Normannia*; the two White Star steamers were built at Belfast; while the *Columbia* was built at Birkenhead; so that England, Scotland, and Ireland have all contributed steamers to the race for the Championship. They are all vessels of very recent birth. The oldest of them, the *City of New York*, left Liverpool on her first voyage on August 1, 1888, the youngest of them, the *Normannia*, left Southampton on her first voyage May 23, 1890. The *City of Paris* has been practically out of the running all the season, as the result of the accident which befell her on her first voyage this year, in the close of March; but all the others have run without accident of any kind; and the running of the *City of Paris* last year must be taken into account, for it still places her almost, if not altogether, equal to any other steamers.

She closed her first season in the autumn of 1889, with a record which placed her, both out and home, unmistakably the swiftest ocean steamer afloat. On May 7th, 1889, she completed the first westward run ever made under six days, her time being 5 days 23 hours and 7 minutes; and on August 13th she made the hitherto best eastward passage on record, the time being 5 days 23 hours and 10 minutes, from New York to Queenstown. Just a fortnight after she made a westward passage which broke the record by several hours, for she reached New York in 5 days 19 hours and 18 minutes, more than six hours shorter than the fastest by any other steamer up to date.

other steamer up to date.

What she would have done this season but for the unfortunate accident which sent her to the dock all summer can only be a matter for conjecture. 1890 did not open well for the Atlantic races. Enormous icebergs strewed the ordinary course to New York, and the *Normannia* had a collision with one of them on her first voyage, which almost terminated her course at the very outset, while the other steamers had to make a very long détour to the South to avoid the ice, and thus lengthened the mileage between port and port so much as to undo their chance of making rapid runs. Still, from the very opening of the season, it was obvious that there would be good runs. The *Majestic* opened the record on April 9th, 1890, by making the fastest first passage of any new steamer from Queenstown to New York in 6 days 10½ hours. The *Columbia*, on June 13th, broke the record of all previous runs from Southampton to New York, her time being 6 day 16 hours 23 minutes; the best previous run being also made by her in August, 1889, in 6 days 19 hours. Then, on July 16th, the *Teutonic* completed a run to New York in 5 days 21 hours 55 minutes, being the first run this season under six days, and the only run up to that date under six days made by any steamer except the *City of Paris*. But the *Teutonic* did not hold this solitary position long. A fortnight ago, her sister ship, the *Majestic*, arrived at New York in 5 days 22 hours and 58 minutes, thus making the third steamer which had completed the passage within 6 days. And a fortnight later still, the *City of New York* also passed the limit with a run of 5 days 22 hours and 7 minutes. But on the same day the *Teutonic* made a run which placed her in advance of all the racers of the year, and perhaps places her in front of the *City of Paris* herself. The *Teutonic* reached New York from Queenstown in 5 days 19 hours and 5 minutes, but some of the friends of the *City of Paris* contend that if the run were counted between the same points as was the run of the *City of Paris*, it would be 5 days 19 hours and 33 minutes. Be this as it may, it is evident that the *Teutonic* and the *City of Paris* are so nearly equal that they may be bracketed together.

It was somewhat of a surprise when the *Teutonic*, on the inward voyage of that great run, was beaten by the *City of New York*, which arrived first at Queenstown after a run of 6 days and 40 minutes, the best eastward run up to that date of this year. But the honours of the *City of New York* were quickly snatched from her by the *Majestic*, which arrived at Queenstown on September 9th in 5 days 23 hours and 17 minutes, being thus only seven minutes longer than the best of the *City of Paris* on her fastest eastward run last year.

So the game goes merrily on between Belfast and the Clyde, neither being able to gain any decided advantage, but all so near as to lead to the expectation that there will be fresh orders given next year for steamers to take a decided lead.

As for the *Normannia*, she has not yet been run quite at her best speed, but her admirers—and they are many—believe that not Liverpool but Southampton will have the honour of despatching the swiftest boat a few months hence. But we content ourselves in the meantime with noting the work which has been actually performed.

A. C.

VESUVIUS is again in eruption. A fresh large crater has opened on the mountain, sending forth such volumes of poisonous gas that no one can approach within a considerable distance.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN'S CORRESPONDENCE are to be published, and the Cardinal's literary legatee, Father Neville, of the Birmingham Oratory, asks the owners of any letters to lend them for this purpose.

AN AMERICAN THOUGHT-READER has narrowly escaped the fate of the late Mr. Irving-Bishop. He was trying one of Mr. Bishop's feats at Chicago, and had driven blindfolded through the streets to find a certain name on a hotel register, when he fell into a cataleptic fit. Warned by experience, the physicians persisted in endeavouring to bring him round, and eventually succeeded.

ANOTHER FATAL ALPINE ACCIDENT. A German tourist from Strassburg has perished with his two guides on the Matterhorn, through a fall of 3,000 feet. The wind was very high at the time, and the party could not complete the ascent, but turned back, and, when near Moseley's Platte, some tourists below saw the unfortunate trio rolling down the precipices to the Furgen glacier. The remains of two victims of yet another Alpine catastrophe have been found on Mont Blanc, the guides who accompanied Count Villanova. It is believed now that the party were frozen to death, but the Count's body is still missing. Further, an English clergyman, the head master of a Birmingham Grammar School, narrowly escaped serious disaster on the Dent du Jaman, near Glion. Though the ascent is fairly easy, the climber lost his footing on the slippery grass and rolled down a *coulair* to some 500 feet below, where he lay senseless till rescued an hour later. He broke his collar-bone and sustained a severe shock to the system, but no dangerous injuries.



# The Burning of the Alhambra at Granada

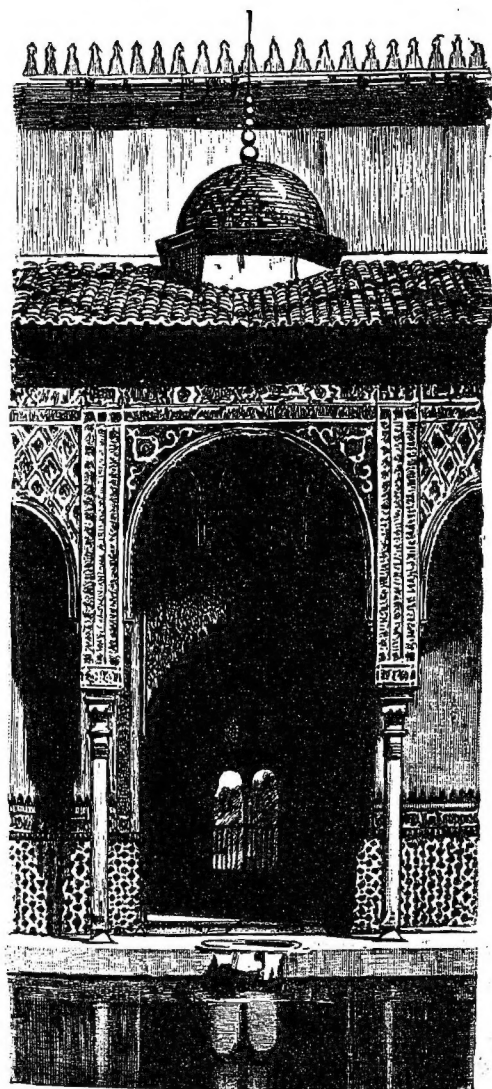
**G**REAT regret will be felt by all lovers of the beautiful at the news of the disastrous fire which has occurred at the Alhambra. It broke out in a servant's room in the first court of the building, known as the Court of Myrtles, about ten o'clock on Monday night, and spread with disastrous rapidity. The beautiful galleries of this Court were totally destroyed, and served to conduct the fire to other parts of the Palace. The whole population of Granada was out watching the destruction of the Palace in whose possession they felt so much pride. Happily, with the assistance of the troops, the fire was extinguished in the early hours of the morning, though not before great and irreparable damage had been done. The Alhambra (literally, "the red castle," from the ruddy tinge of its outer walls) was the citadel of Granada in the days of the Moorish empire. It is surrounded by a wall  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles long. Within it are included several buildings, but the principal one is that in which the fire occurred, the Royal Palace of the Kings of Granada. This consists of buildings surrounding two oblong courts. The Court of Lions, so-called from the fountain in its centre decorated with twelve sculptured lions, has been described as "the gem of Arabian art in Spain, its most beautiful and most perfect example." Its design is elaborate, exhibiting a profusion of exquisite detail, gorgeous in colouring. Around it runs a gallery supported by 128 white marble pillars.

The Court of the Lions has suffered many things of many people. Conquerors have pillaged it, tourists have desecrated it, but until this week it had survived every injury. We are glad to know then that this famous building was only slightly injured. Of our other engravings we must speak briefly.

After passing through the richly wooded approaches to the Palace, the traveller comes upon the principal entrance. This is the fortress known as "The Gate of Justice," where, according to tradition, the Moorish Kings used to listen to the complaints of their subjects and dispense justice to them. The Gate itself is a massive archway with pillars of marble. Outside, however, the Alhambra is not particularly imposing; it is when one enters that its beauties reveal themselves. From the Court of Myrtles, into which one first passes, a saloon communicates with the Hall of the Ambassadors, the entrance to which is shown in another engraving. Legend states that this was the great reception-room of the Moslem Monarchs, whose Throne was placed opposite the entrance. It is a large square room, with most delicate lace-work decoration on the walls, and lighted by nine windows, which contain a most lovely view of the surrounding country. The accompanying illustrations are taken, by the courtesy of Messrs. Cassell, from a work called "Sunny Spain," by Olive Patch.



THE RED TOWER



ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF AMBASSADORS

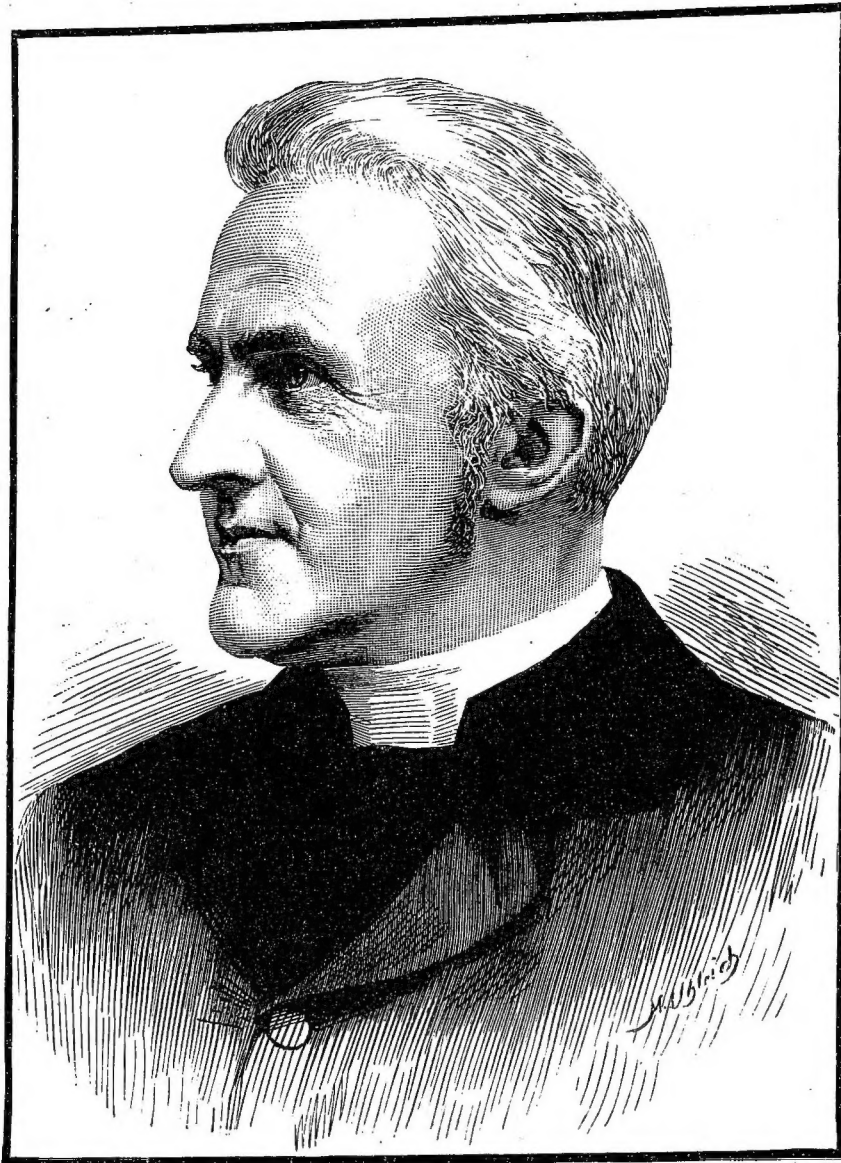


THE GATE OF JUSTICE



### THE LATE CANON LIDDON

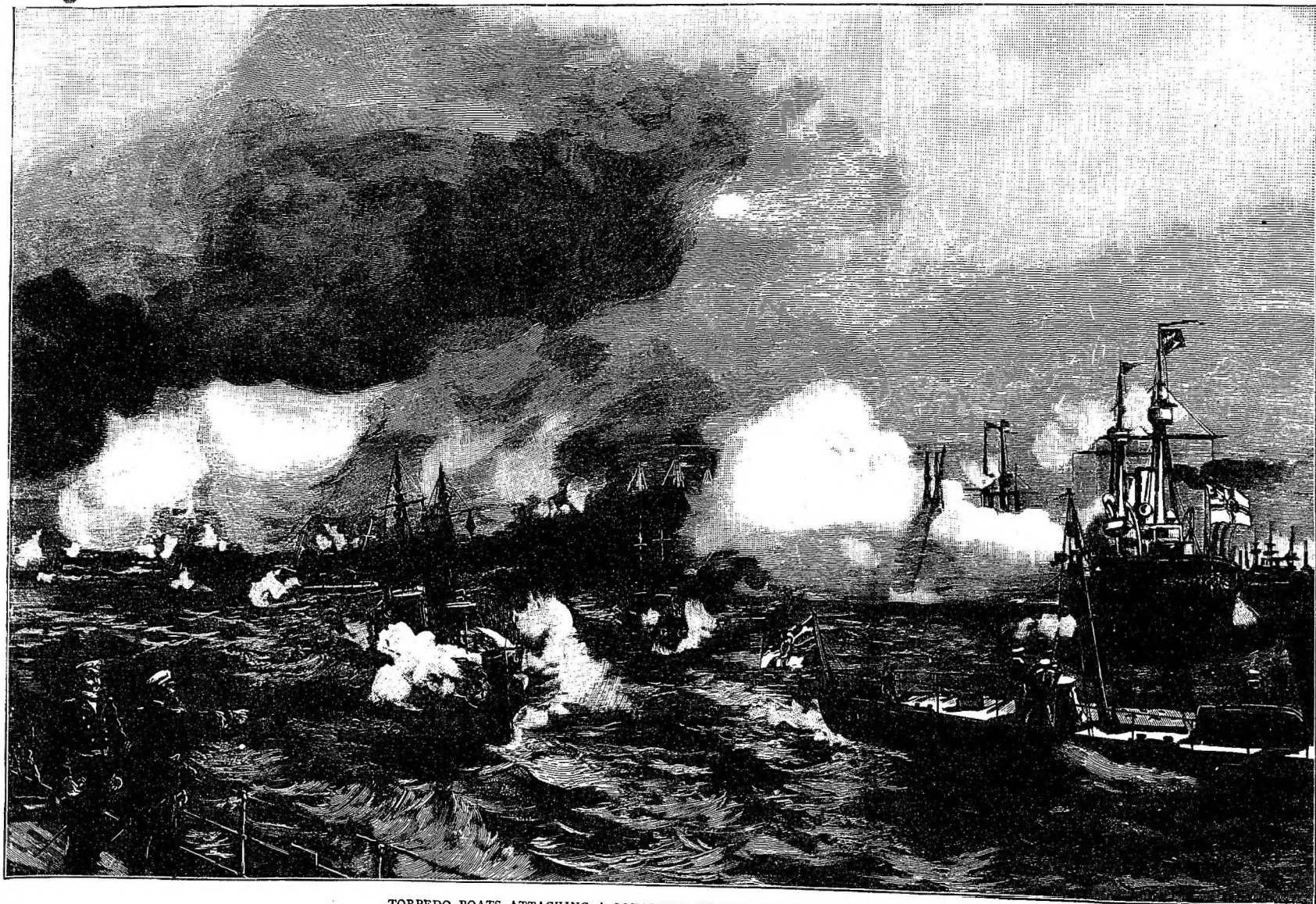
SINCE we last wrote the newspapers have been full of anecdotes of the Canon, and of tributes to his marvellous power of swaying congregations, and his exceptional personal charm. Not much need be added here, however, to the biography which we gave last week; but one correction must be made. As in the case of so many other great men, not much was known concerning his parentage and birthplace. In common with other papers we stated that he was the son of a medical man, and was born at Taunton. One of his relations, writing to the *Times*, says:—"Henry Parry Liddon was born at North Stoneham, in Hampshire, and was the eldest son of the late Captain Matthew Liddon, R.N., who commanded H.M.S. *Griper* in the expedition under Sir Edward Parry in search of the North-west Passage. Sir Edward Parry was the boy's godfather, and soon after his birth Captain Liddon moved to Colyton, in Devonshire, and much of H. P. Liddon's youth was spent with an aunt at Taunton." In innumerable churches last Sunday the Canon's death, and the consequent loss to Christianity in general, and the Church of England in particular, were the subject of pulpit utterances. In St. Paul's there were nearly as many to hear what Canon Scott Holland would say of his deceased colleague as if Liddon himself had been preaching; and the tribute was worthy of the occasion and the audience. It was in St. Paul's, of course, that, on Tuesday last, the earthly remains of the great preacher were laid to rest, and again there was a great congregation. The choir was reserved for the family and intimate friends; others were admitted by ticket to a portion of the dome specially reserved; but the greatest interest of the scene was furnished by the immense multitude which filled the remaining portion of the Cathedral—those whom Liddon did not know but who knew Liddon, and who had assembled there to pay the last tribute of affection to one who had so often stirred their hearts with his enthralling eloquence. The grave is situate in a corner in the east end of the crypt, next to that of the late Dean Milman.—Our portrait is from a photograph from "Men of Mark," supplied by the Church Agency, 51, Threadneedle St., E.C.



THE LATE CANON LIDDON  
BORN 1829. DIED SEPT. 9, 1890

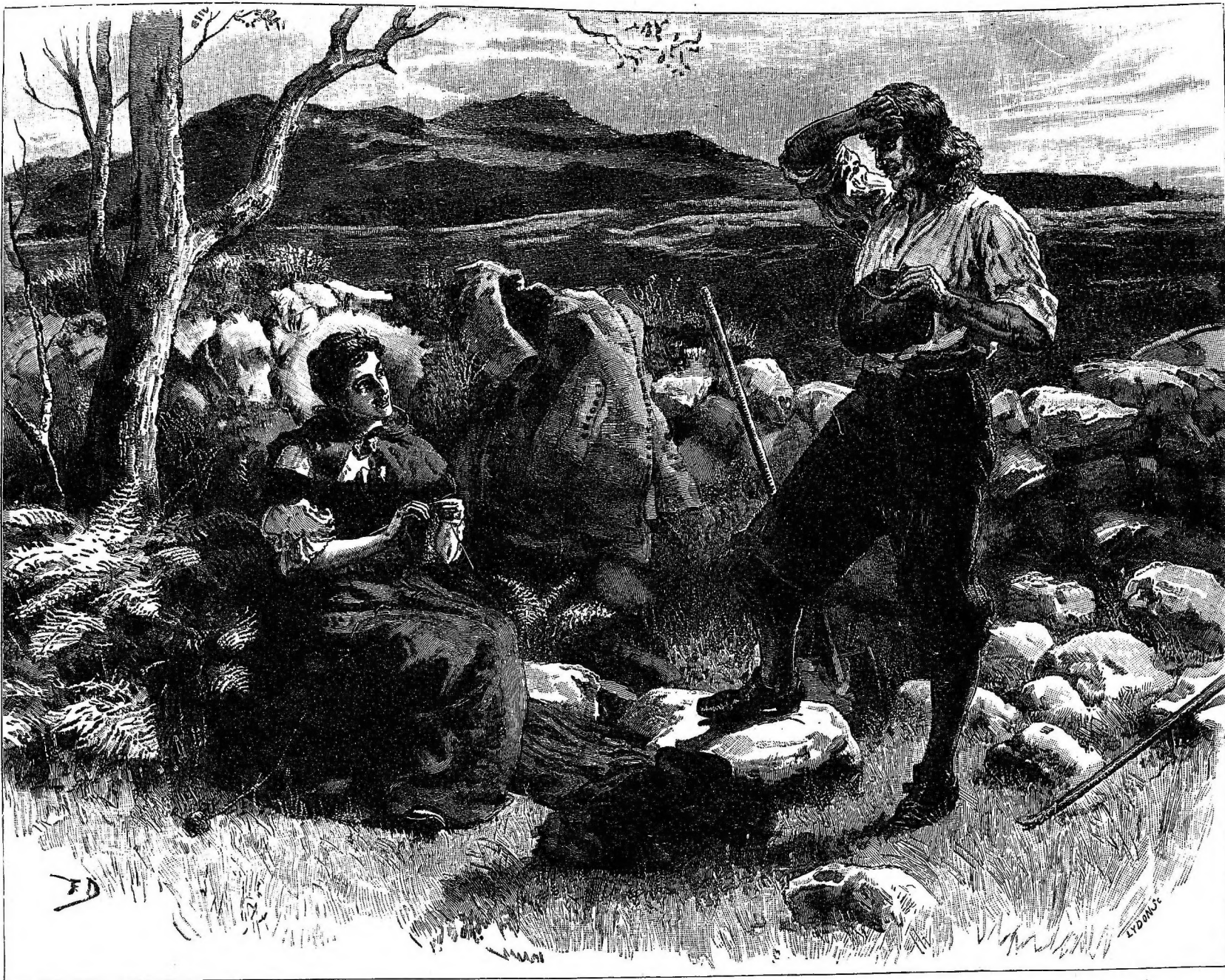
### THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES

IF less interesting from a purely military point of view than is sometimes the case, the manœuvres of the 9th, or Schleswig-Holstein Army Corps, which have just been concluded, presented a very magnificent spectacle. Flensburg having been selected as the scene of action, the fleet was enabled to co-operate with the army, and consequently the spectators were treated to a simultaneous battle on sea and land. On September 3rd the allied fleets were reviewed at Kiel by the Emperor, and then headed by the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, steamed majestically out of the harbour *en route* for Flensburg. On Saturday, September 6th, the most interesting portion of the manœuvres, in which both land and sea forces were engaged, began. The idea was that an enemy's fleet had passed the Great Belt, and that the German Squadron, commanded by the Emperor in person, was to go out and destroy it. The actual enemy was only a skeleton one, consisting of six floating targets. The Emperor brought his fleet to within a distance of three cables' lengths from the enemy, and then poured in a most tremendous fire from every available weapon. It was a fine spectacle, and all the targets were shattered to pieces by the machine guns and other light arms. The heavy artillery was by no means well-served, however, and it cannot be said that the fight was of much practical use. The fleet rammed two more imaginary foes, and the day's work was done. There were picturesque manœuvres on September 8th, when the 18th Division, under cover of the fire of two ironclad squadrons, crossed the Alsen Sound by means of pontoons, and occupied the Düppel region, held by the 17th Division; and on the following day, when the torpedo-boat flotilla, acting with the 17th Division, entered the lake known as the Nübel Noor, and for some time kept up a heavy fire from their Hotchkiss guns, which compelled the invaders (18th Division) to retire to the heights of Düppel. Another pretty manœuvre was the passage of the Ekensund by three squadrons of hussars, two of which crossed in big ferry-boats, while the horses of the third were made to swim across, their riders, from pontoons, holding the reins.—Our engraving is from a drawing by W. Stöwer.



TORPEDO BOATS ATTACKING A SQUADRON OF IRONCLADS OFF FLENSBURG  
THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES IN SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN





DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

Urith brought out her knitting and sat on a stone by him, as he worked.

## "URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### IN THE PORCH

THE marriage had taken place: the banns were no further opposed. Old Cleverdon, indeed, sought a lawyer's advice; but found he could do nothing to prevent it. Anthony was of age, and his own master. The only control over him he could exercise was through the strings of the purse. The threads of filial love and obedience must have been slender, they had snapped so lightly. But the Squire had never regarded them much; he had considered the others tough to resist any strain—strong to hold—in the wildest mood.

He was not only incensed because Anthony defied him, but because the defiance had been open and successful. He had proclaimed his disapproval of the match by forbidding the banns before the entire parish; consequently, his defeat was public.

Urith had been carried, as by a whirlwind, out of one position into another, without having been allowed time to consider how great the change must necessarily be. She had, in her girlhood, hardly thought of marriage. Following her own will, independent, she had not pictured to herself that condition as invested with any charm which must bring upon her some sort of vassalage—a state in which her will must be subordinate to that of another.

The surroundings were the same: she had spent all her days since infancy in that quaint old thatched manor-house; looked out on the world through those windows; seen what of the world came there flow in through the same doors; had sat at the same table, on the same chairs; heard the tick-tick of the same clock; listened to the same voices—of Uncle Sol and the old family maid. The externals were the same; but her whole inner life had assumed a new purpose and direction.

She could think, at first, of nothing save her happiness. That rough home was suddenly invested with beauty and fragrance, as though in a night jessamine and rose had sprung up around it, covered its walls, and were breathing their fragrance through the windows.

The course of her life had not been altered, broken by a leap and fall, but had expanded, because fuller, and at the same time deeper.

Now and then there came a qualm over her conscience at the thought of her mother. She had defied her last wishes, and her marriage had followed on the burial with indecent haste, but in the dazzle of sunshine in which she walked the motes that danced before her served but to intensify the brilliance of the light.

Summer was advancing. The raw winds of early spring were

over, and the east wind when it came down off the moor was no longer edged as a razor, but sheathed in velvet. The world was blooming along with her heart, not with a lone flower here and there, but with exuberance of life and beauty.

Her mother had kept but a single domestic servant, a woman, who had been with her for many years, and this woman remained on. A charwoman came for the day, not regularly, but as frequently as she could.

The circumstances of the Malvines had been so bad that they could not afford a large household. Mistress Malvine had helped as much as she was able, and Urith, now that she was left mistress, and had introduced another inmate into the house, was called on to consider whether she would help in the domestic work, or keep another servant. She wisely resolved to lend a hand herself, and defer the enlargement of the household till the farm paid better than it did at present. That it would be doubled in value under prudent management, neither she nor Anthony doubted.

She believed his assurances, and his assurances were well-grounded. To make it possible to double its value, however, one thing was wanted, which was not available—capital, to buy sheep and cattle.

Anthony attacked the task with great energy. He knew exactly what was wanted, and he had great physical strength, which he did not spare.

Some of the walls of moonstone—uncemented, unbound together by mortar, piled one on another, and maintaining their place by their own weight—had fallen, and presented gaps through which the moor-ponies and cattle invaded the fields, and their own beasts escaped.

Anthony set to work to rebuild these places. The stones were there, but prostrate, and, through long neglect, overgrown with moss, and embedded in the soil. Urith brought out her knitting and sat on a stone by him, as he worked, in the sun and sweet air. Never had Urith been so happy—never Anthony so joyous. Never before had Urith cared about the preparation of a meal, and never before had Anthony so enjoyed his food. They were like children before had Anthony so enjoyed his food. They were like children—careless of the morrow, laughing, and in cloudless merriment. The old servant, who had grumbled and shaken her head over the precipitate marriage of Urith, was carried away by the joyousness of the young couple, unbent, smiled, and forgave the indiscretion.

They received visitors—not many, but some. Urith and her mother had had few acquaintances, and these came to wish the young couple happiness. Those of old Cleverdon kept aloof, or came hesitatingly: they were unwilling to break with the rich father for the sake of the son out of favour. Luke made his formal

call. He came seldom: he had not sufficiently conquered his own heart to be able to look on upon the happiness of his cousin and Urith without a pang. When, a month after the wedding, he met Anthony one day, the latter flew out somewhat hotly in complaint of the neglect with which he had been treated.

"I suppose you also, Cousin Luke, are hedging, and trying to make friends with my father by showing me the cold shoulder."

"You say this!" exclaimed Luke, in pained surprise. "You have rarely been to see me since my marriage. I hardly know what is going on in the world outside our boundary-walls. But it does not matter—I have a world of work, and of content within."

Luke made no reply. "There is Bessie, too—I thought better of her—she has not been over to us. I suppose she knows on which side her bread is buttered."

"There you wrong her," answered Luke, hotly. "You little have understood and valued Bessie's generous, unselfish, loving heart, if you can say such a word as that of her."

"Then why has she not been near me?"

"Because she has been forbidden by your father. You know, if you have any grace in you, Anthony, that this prohibition troubles her, and costs her more tears and heartaches than you."

"She should disobey in this matter. I see neither reason nor religion in blind obedience to irrational commands."

"She may serve your interests better by submission. You may be well assured that your welfare is at her heart; and that she seeks in every way to bend your father's stubborn will, and bring him to a reconciliation with you."

"By the Lord, Luke!" exclaimed Anthony, "I wish you would take Bessie yourself. She would make an admirable parson's wife."

Luke paused a moment before he replied, then he answered, in a constrained voice, coldly, "Anthony, in such matters I follow my own impulse, and not the directions of others. You speak thinking only of yourself, and your wish to be able once more to see your sister makes you suggest what might be distasteful to her and unsuitable to me."

"There, there, it was a joke," said Anthony. "Excuse me if I be a little fretted by separation from Bessie. She would be of the greatest possible assistance to Urith, and Urith has no one—"

"There is still one course open to you, which may lead to reconciliation," said Luke.

"And that—?"

"Is to go to Hall and see your father. Try what effect that



has on him. It cannot make matters worse, and it may make them better."

"Oh! repeat the story of the Prodigal Son! But I am not a prodigal. I feel no repentance. I cannot say, 'Father I have sinned against heaven and against thee—make me as one of thy hired servants.' I cannot say what I do not feel. It is he who has transgressed against me."

"And you expect him to come to you, beating his breast; and then you will kill the fatted calf and embrace and forgive him?"

Anthony laughed, with a heightened colour. "Not so, exactly; but—it will all come right in the end. He can't hold out, and in the end must take me back into favour. To whom else could he leave Hall?"

One market day Anthony and Urith were in Tavistock. Every one was there whom he knew; market was attended by all the gentry, the farmers, and tradespeople of the country side; by all who had goods to sell or wanted to buy, and by such as wanted to, or were able to do, neither one nor the other, but who could exchange news and eat and drink at the ordinary, and perhaps thereat get drunk.

Urith rode to market on pillion behind Anthony, holding to the leather belt about his waist. The day was bright, and as they rode, he turned his head over his shoulder and spoke to her, and she answered him. They were as children full of mirth, only one little cloud on the horizon of each—on that of Anthony, the lack of warmth with which his old acquaintance greeted him, a matter that vexed him more than did the estrangement from his father; on that of Urith, the consciousness that she had disobeyed her mother's last wishes, but in the great splendour of their present happiness these little clouds were disregarded.

In Urith's bosom was a rose—the first rose of summer—that Anthony had picked, and he had himself fastened in with a pin to her bodice, and she had kissed his head as he was engaged thereon.

The day was not that of ordinary market: it was the Whitsun fair as well; and, as Anthony approached Tavistock, numbers of holiday-makers were overtaken, or overlooked him, on his way to the town. The church bells were ringing, for there was Divine Service on such festival days, and this was usually attended by all the women who came to fair, whilst their husbands saw to the putting away of their horses, saving only such as had wares for sale, and these occupied themselves during worship with their stalls, if they had them, if not, with spreading their goods on the ground in such advantageous manner as best to attract purchasers.

"You will come to me to the church porch, Tony!" said Urith, as she dismounted. "In the crowd we may miss each other, and I shall like to go on your arm."

So it was agreed, and Urith entered the church. This, a fine four-aisled building, was in ancient times, as it is now, the parish church; it stood in the shadow of the mighty Minster of the Abbey, dwarfed by it, a stately pile, second only in size in the county to the Cathedral Church of Exeter. Ruins of it remained at the time of this tale, tall pillars and arches, and the main road from Plymouth had, out of wilful wickedness, been run, in the days of the Commonwealth, up what had been the nave, and the east end torn down, so that market could be held in the desecrated House of God, under the partial shelter of the vaulted aisles. All is now gone, quarried away to supply every man with stone who desired to rebuild his house; most of it removed for the construction of the stately mansion of the Earls of Bedford, who were possessed of the Abbey property.\*

"What—you here! So we see you again?" exclaimed Fox, as Anthony dismounted in the inn-yard. Fox Crymes held forth his hand, and it was warmly grasped by Anthony, who at once looked at his eye. Crymes had discontinued the bandage, but all did not seem right with the orb. "I can see with it," said the latter, observing the look of Anthony, "but with a cloud; that, I fear, will ever hang there."

"You know that I would pluck out one of my own eyes and give it you," said Anthony, with sincerity and emotion. "I shall never forget that unhappy blow."

"Nor I," answered Crymes, dryly.

"Is your sister here?" asked Anthony.

"Yes—in the church. By the way, Tony, how is it that we never see you at the Hare and Hounds? Does not the apron-string extend so far? Or are your legs too clogged with the honey in the pot into which you are dipping for you to be able to crawl so far?"

"Oh! you will see me there some day; but now I am too hard-worked. All Sol Gibbs's muddles to mend, you understand, and neglects to be made up for. I work like a slave."

"How about your father? Any nearer a reconciliation?"

There was a leer in Fox's eye as he asked this.

Anthony shrugged his shoulders.

"I must be off," said he.

"Where to?"

"To the porch. I promised Urith to meet her there."

"Oh! she is pulling at the apron-string. Let me not detain you."

Anthony walked away. He was annoyed. It was absurd, preposterous of Fox to speak to him as if he were in subjection to his wife. The words of Fox left an uneasy feeling in his breast, as if it had been touched by a nettle, a tingle, a sting, nothing to signify—but a perceptible discomfort.

He reached the church-porch as Urith and Julian were leaving the church, and he arrived at a critical moment.

That morning before leaving Willsworthy, Urith had taken her gloves to draw them on, when she found them stuck together with some adhesive matter. On pulling them over she found that the palms and fingers were covered with pitch. It then occurred to her that she had laid her hands on some rails that had been recently blackened with pitch to preserve them from decay, by her husband, and that it was not dry, as she had supposed. The gloves were spoiled—she could not wear them. She was not possessed of another pair, and could not ride to Tavistock with hands uncovered.

Her eyes fell on the pair that had belonged to Julian, and which had been cast at her in defiance. After hesitating a moment, for she drew these on, and resolved to purchase herself fresh gloves in the fair.

On reaching church, she drew off her gloves, and laid them across the rail of the pew.

Julian Crymes was near, in the Kilworthy pew—that belonging to the Glanvilles, as did the pew in Peter Tavy Church also, attached to another house owned by the family in that parish.

Urith did not give her gloves a thought till she saw Julian's eyes fixed on them, and caught a dark glance from her.

Then she coloured, conscious of the mistake she had made, but recovered herself immediately. She had won in the match—a fair one, and had carried off the stakes. A sense of elation came upon her, she held up her head, and returned Julian's look with one of haughty triumph. She saw Julian's colour darken, and her lips tremble; a passage of arms took place in the church, the weapons being but glances of sharp eyes.

What was played and sung neither considered, each was engaged on her own thoughts. Elated Urith was—happiness fills the heart with pride. She—she whom no one hitherto had regarded, had wrested away the great prize against tremendous odds—Julian's beauty, family, position, wealth, and the weight of his own father's advocacy. For her sake he had thrown away everything that others

\* Now the Bedford Inn.

esteemed. She had cause to be proud—reason to feel her heart swell with the sense of victory: and who that has won a victory does not desire a public triumph?

No sooner was service over, than Urith, with a little ostentation, drew on the gloves, then took the rose Anthony had pinned to her stomach, and looking fixedly at Julian, loosened it, pressed it to her lips, and replaced it. Her rival read in the act the very thoughts of her heart. That rose which had been given her was the pledge of Anthony's love.

Julian panted with anger. It was well for her that none was in the pew by her to notice her emotion. At the last Amen she flung open the door, and stepped out into the aisle, at the same moment as Urith, and both made their way to the porch, side by side, without a look at each other. They passed through the doorway together, and saw Anthony standing there.

Instantly—the whole thing was done so quickly as to escape Anthony's notice—Julian turned with flashing eye on Urith, plucked the rose from her bosom, pressed it to her own lips, then threw it on the ground and crushed it under her foot.

There was no time—that was no place for retaliation. Urith's blood rushed to her heart; then she caught her husband's arm, and with him walked away.

All that day a sense of alarm and unrest troubled her. Julian had renewed her defiance; had threatened both her and Anthony. Would this threat be as vain as her former defiance? Urith swallowed her fears, scorned to entertain them—but the sting remained.

In the evening, when about to start on her return, when his horse was ready—"You must wait for me a moment, Tony," she said, and hurried back to the porch.

The rose, trampled out of shape, trodden on by many feet, lay there, soiled and petalless.

If Julian were to snatch him away, were to cast him down under foot and crush him—what would she do? Would she wear him again? Would she stoop to him?

She stood in the grey, cool porch, looking at the battered flower. Then she bent, picked up the rose, and hid it in her bosom.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### KILWORTHY

ANTHONY helped Urith to the saddle, saying, "I am not coming home just now. You must ride back alone." "But why not?" Urith asked, in surprise, and a little disappointment.

"Must I account to you for all my acts?" said Anthony, somewhat testily.

"Not at all," answered Urith; "but surely there is no objection to my asking so innocent a question as that. If, however, it gives you displeasure, I will abide without an answer."

"Oh!" said Anthony, the cloud passing from his face, "I have no reason not to answer. I am going with Fox. He has asked me to return with him to Kilworthy; and as I have seen no one for a couple—nay, for three months, and have well-nigh lost the use of my tongue, I have accepted."

"I do not like Fox. I do not like you to be with him."

"Am I to consult you as to whom I make my friends? He is the only one who has come forward with frankness, and has braved my father's displeasure by showing me a countenance of old friendliness."

"I do not like Fox—I mistrust him."

"I do not," said Anthony, bluntly. "I am not going to take my opinions from you, Urith."

"I do not suppose you will," retorted she, with a little heat; "but do not forget what he did to you at the Drift. That was a false and cowardly act."

"Oh!" laughed Anthony, somewhat contemptuously; "you maidens do not understand the sort of jokes we men play on each other. He meant no harm, and things went worse than he intended. None can have been more vexed at the turn they took than himself. He told me so."

"What! That a horse should go mad when burning touchwood is set in his ear?"

"He did not purpose to put it into his ear. The horse tossed his head, and Fox's hand slipped."

"And his hand slipped when your fingers were cut?"

"No, not his hand, but his knife; it was in his sleeve. You would not have had it slip upwards?"

Urith was silent; she was angered, vexed—angered and vexed at Anthony's easy goodnature. Any excuse satisfied him. So with regard to his father's displeasure; it did not concern him greatly—cost him not an hour's wakefulness. All would come right in the end, he said, and satisfied himself with sanguine hope. His was a buoyant nature, the opposite to her own, which was gloomy and mistrustful. She raised no further objection to Anthony leaving her to return home alone. He was in a touchy mood, and, for the first time since their marriage, answered her testily.

But she made allowance for him. He had been cut off from his friends, he had been forced out of his wonted course of life. He had been pinched for money, obliged to work hard. Was it not reasonable that on a fair-day and holiday he should wish to be with his old companions and make merry, and have a glass of ale or a bottle of sack? Uncle Sol could not or would not accompany her home; he also had friends to detain him, and purposed to pass the evening in an alehouse, singing and making merry.

Urith's knowledge of men, their ways, and their fancies, was limited to the study of her uncle; and though she could not believe that her Anthony was a sot and witless, yet she supposed that he partook of the same taste for society and for the bottle, which she regarded as much a characteristic of men as a rough chin and a masculine voice.

Anthony, with unconcern, was on his way to Kilworthy. This ancient mansion stood high, with its back to the north wind; before it the hills fell away in noble park-land studded with oak and beech over a century old—trees that had been planted by Judge Glanville in the reign of Elizabeth—and beyond the valley of the Tavy rose the tumbled, desolate ridges of Dartmoor, of a scabious blue, or wan as ashes.

The side of the hill was hewn away near the house into a series of terraces, one planted with yews, the others rich with flowers. The house itself had that stately beauty that belongs to Elizabethan mansions.

When Anthony arrived along with Fox, he was not a little surprised to see a large company assembled. Many of the young people and their parents of the best families around were there, sauntering in the gardens, or playing bowls on the green.

He was surprised, for Fox had not prepared him to meet company, but he was pleased, for he had been cut off from society for some months, had hardly seen old friends, and now he was delighted to be among them, and—his father being absent—on the old familiar terms. The depression of his spirits gave way at once, and he was filled with cheerfulness and fun; he played bowls, and when the dew fell, and it was deemed advisable for all to retire from the garden, he was most ready of all for a dance.

Julian was also in high spirits; she was looking remarkably pretty in a light summer dress. She met Anthony with frankness, and he engaged her for the first dance.

The beauty of the place, the pleasant society, the profusion of good food and wines, united to give Anthony satisfaction. He appreciated all this so much the more, as he had been deprived of

these things for some time. It was true that he had enjoyed the company of Urith, but then Urith's circle of associates was almost nothing; she did not know those people that he knew, was not interested about matters that woke in him curiosity. She could talk only of Willsworthy, and Willsworthy as a subject of conversation was easily exhausted. There was a freedom in the society of those who were easily exhausted. There was a constraint that delighted him. When one he now met, a want of constraint that delighted him. When one topic ran dry another was started. With Urith conversation flagged, because there was no variety in the subjects of conversation.

Then again the beauty and richness of the place gratified his eye after the bleakness of Willsworthy. There, high on the moor side, only sycamores would grow—here were trees of royal appearance, only sycamores, with broad expanding branches, the aristocracy of huge-trunked, with broad men as well as old like to have palatable trees as only seen in English parks, where they are given scope to expand from infancy. At home, moreover, the general narrowness of means and lack of management had not made of the table a place of enjoyment. A meal was necessary, something to be scrambled through and got over. No effort was made by Mrs. Malvine in earlier days to make it a gratification for the palate, and it did not occur to Urith when she was married and mistress of the household that things might in this respect be improved. Anthony was no epicure, but young men as well as old like to have palatable dishes set before them, and to have not only their wives well-dressed but also their dishes. Here also Urith failed. She disregarded personal adornment. Handsome though she was, she would have looked far handsomer had she cared to set off her charms with tasteful dress. She despised all solicitude about dress, and it was a little disappointment to Anthony that she took so little pains to do justice to herself in this respect. Now that he was in the midst of pretty girls, charmingly set off by their light gowns and bright ribbons, he felt as if he had stepped out of association with moths into that of butterflies—out of a vegetable into a flower-garden.

Again, since his marriage—indeed, ever since he had left Hall, he had felt the irksomeness of being without money, he had discovered the value of coin, and had learned that it could not be thrown away. He had nothing of his own, what coins he had in his pocket came to him from his wife.

Now he was in a house where money seemed to be disregarded. He need not drink sour cider, but take his choice of wines. He was not served at table by one old maid-of-all-work, but by liveried footmen, in the blue and yellow Glanville colours. The table was furnished with abundance of plate, engraved with the Glanville stags or the Crymes martlet. At Willsworthy he had used bone-handled knives and forks, and had eaten off pewter.

He danced with Julian once more. She was bright, sparkling with merriment, full of lively sally, and she looked marvellously pretty. Anthony wondered at himself for not having observed it before, or at not having sufficiently appreciated it.

His sister arrived, somewhat late, and Anthony at once went to her, with both hands extended.

"Is Urith here?" she asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"She was not invited."

"Then why are you here?"

"For this good reason, that I was invited."

"But, Tony," said Bessie, "you ought not to have accepted unless she was asked as well."

"Nonsense! Bet," exclaimed Anthony, fretfully. "I am not tied to her apron-strings. We have not met for months, and your first address to me is—a rebuke."

He walked away, annoyed, and rejoined Julian.

What! was he to be debarred visiting his friends—spending a pleasant social evening with them—because he was asked without his wife!

"I say, Tony," said Fox, into his ear, "what do you think of Kilworthy now? You have thrown it away for the sake of a pair of sulky eyes—aye, and Hall, too! Well, I have always heard say that love was madness; but I never believed it till I heard what you had done."

Anthony's pleasure was spoiled. The contrast between Kilworthy and Willsworthy had been unconsciously drawn in his mind before; now it was fixed and brought into prominence, and he saw and realised in a moment the tremendous sacrifice he had made. From this minute he looked on all around him with other eyes. He saw what might have been his position, his wealth—how he would have been esteemed and envied had he followed the course mapped out for him by his father—had he taken Julian instead of Urith.

He looked again at Julian—his eyes insensibly followed her—and again he marvelled that hitherto there had been a veil over them, so that he had not appreciated her beauty. He could not withdraw his eyes: they pursued her wherever she went.

All at once she turned, with the consciousness that he was looking at her. Their eyes met, and he coloured to the temples. He blushed at his thoughts, for he was asking himself whether life, with such comfortable surroundings, would not have been more than bearable—even delightful—at her side.

In a moment he had recovered himself; but not his lightheartedness—that was gone. He asked for his horse, and then remembered that he had none. Urith had ridden home on his horse, therefore he must walk.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### GATHERING CLOUDS

NEXT day Anthony's brow was clouded, and his manner had lost its usual cheerfulness. He was angry with himself for having been to Kilworthy. Bessie was right, he acknowledged it now—a slight had been put on his wife by his being invited without her. He ought to have seen this before. He ought to have refused the invitation. Then he remembered that he had been told nothing about a party at the house, so his anger was turned upon Fox, who had entrapped him into a false position.

But this was not all. He was ashamed at himself for having for a moment reconsidered his conduct in taking Urith instead of Julian. In vain did he reason with himself that he had done something heroic in resigning such enormous advantages for the sake of a girl; whether he liked it or not, the odious thought lurked in a corner of his heart and would not be expelled—Was Urith worth the sacrifice?

There was much to humiliate him in his present state. He who had been wont to spend his money freely had now to reckon his coppers, and calculate whether he could afford the small outlay that slight pleasures entailed. And then—these coppers were not his, but his wife's. He was living on her bounty, indebted to her for every glass of ale he drank. Of his own, he had nothing. His confidence that his father's obstinacy would give way, and that he would be taken into favour again, was shaken. He began to fear that so long as his father lived he would remain in disfavour. That, on his father's decease, he would inherit Hall, he did not doubt for a moment. There was no one else to whom the old man could bequeath the estate. Bessie was a girl, and Luke a parson—disqualifications absolute.

Most heartily did he wish that the misunderstanding with his father were at an end. It was a degradation for him—for him, the heir of the Cleverdons—to be sponging on his wife. The situation was intolerable. But how was it to be altered? He could not force his father to reconciliation. His pride forbade his going to him and acting the prodigal son. His heart grew hot and bitter



against the old man for his unreasonable and persistent hostility, which had reduced him to a position so pitiable and humiliating.

Then there arose before his mind's eye the beautiful grounds and noble mansion of Kilworthy, the pleasant company there—and Julian. He shook his head impatiently, set his teeth, and stamped on the floor, but he could not rid himself of the thoughts.

"I do not see, fore Heaven, why we should not have a clean table-cover," he said, at dinner; "nor why every dish should be huddled on to the board at once. I am not a pig, and accustomed to feed as in a sty."

Urith looked at him with surprise, and saw that displeasure was lowering on his brow.

She answered him gently, but he spoke again in the same peevish, fault-finding tones. He complained that the pewter dishes were hacked with knives, and the mugs bent out of shape and unpolished. If they must eat as do servants in a kitchen, let them at least have the utensils in trim order.

Urith sought in vain to dispel the ill-humour that troubled him; this was her first experience of domestic disagreement. The tears came into her eyes from disappointment, and then his ill-humour proved contagious. She caught the infection and ceased to speak. This annoyed him, and he asked her why she said nothing.

"When there are clouds over Lynx Tor there is vapour over Hare Tor as well," she answered. "If you are in gloom I am not like to be in sunshine. What ails you?"

"It is too maddening that my father should remain stubborn," he said. "You cannot expect me to be always gay, with the consciousness that I am an outcast from Hall."

She might have answered sharply, and the lightning would then have flashed from cloud to cloud, had not, at that moment, Luke entered the house.

"Come at last!" was Anthony's ungracious salutation.

"I have not been here often, certainly," said Luke, "for I did not suppose you wanted me; the parson is desired by those in sorrow and tears, not by those in perfect happiness."

"Oh!" said Anthony, "it is not as the parson we want you, but as a cousin and comrade."

Urith asked Luke if he would have a share of the meal just concluded. He shook his head; he had eaten before leaving the rectory. He had taken his meal early, so as to be sure of catching Anthony at home before he went abroad.

As Luke spoke he turned his eyes from his cousin to Urith, and saw by the expression of their faces that some trouble was at their hearts; but he had the tact not to advert to it, and to wait till they of their own accord revealed the cause.

"Have you been to Hall lately? Have you seen my father?" asked Anthony, after a pause, with his eyes on the table.

"I have not been there; your father will not see me. He cannot forgive the hand I had in making you happy."

"Then you have no good news to bring me?"

"None thence. I have talked to Bessie—"

"So have I. I saw her yesterday at Kilworthy, and she scolded me instead of comforting me."

"Comforting you! Why, Anthony, I do not suppose for an instant that she thought you needed comfort."

"Should I not, when my father shuts me out of his house—out

Anthony continued drumming on the table with his fingers.

"My recommendation is," continued Luke, "that you rest your thoughts on what you have, not on what you have not. And you have much to be thankful for. You have a wife whom you love dearly, and who loves you no less devotedly. You are your own master, living on your own estate, and in your own manor house. So—live for that, care for that, cultivate your own soil, and your own family happiness, and let the rest go packing."

"My own house! my own land!" exclaimed Anthony. "These are fine words, but they are false. Willsworthy is not mine, it belongs to Urith."

"Anthony!" cried his wife, "what is mine you know is yours—wholly, freely."

"Well," said Luke, with heat, "and if Hall had been yours when you took Urith, it would have been no longer mine or thine, but ours. So it is with Willsworthy. Love is proud to receive and to give, and it never reckons what it gives as enough, and accepts what it receives as wholly its own."

Anthony shrugged his shoulders, then set his elbows on the table, and put his head in his hands.

"I reckon it is natural that I should grieve over the alienation from my father."

"You are not grieving over it because it is an alienation from your father, but from Hall, with the comforts and luxuries to which you were accustomed there."

"Do you not see," exclaimed Anthony, impatiently, "that it is I who should support my wife, and not my wife who should find me in bread and butter? Our proper positions are reversed."

"Not at all. Willsworthy has gone to rack and ruin, and if it be brought back to prosperity, it will be through your energy and hard work."

"Hard work!" echoed Anthony. "I have had more of that since I have been here than ever I had before."

"Well, and why not? You are not afraid of work, are you?"

"Afraid! No. But I was not born to be a day labourer."

"You were born, Anthony, the son of a yeoman family which has worked hard to bring itself up into such a condition that now it passes for a family of gentry. Do not forget that, and do not blush for yourself when you use the muck-fork or the spade, or you are unworthy of your stout-hearted ancestors."

Anthony laughed. The cloud was dispelled. This allusion to the family and its origin touched and pleased him. He had often joked over his father's pretensions. He put forth his hand to his cousin, who clasped it warmly.

"All well, old friend, you are right. If I have to build up a new branch of the Cleverdons, it is well. I am content. Fill the tankard to the prosperity of the Cleverdons of Willsworthy—and to the dogs with Hall!"

Anthony put his arm round Urith's waist. The clouds had cleared, and, as they rolled off his brow, that of Urith brightened also. Luke rose to depart. He would not suffer his cousin to attend him from the door. He went forth alone; and, when he had passed the gate, he halted, raised his hand, and said, "Peace be to this house!" Yet he said it with doubt in his heart. He had seen a ruffle on the placid water, and that ruffle might forebode a storm.

(To be continued)



MR. STANLEY will not be strong enough to lecture until early next year, and has given up all such engagements for this autumn, under medical advice. He has left Switzerland, with his wife, for Italy, where he visited his old African companion, Major Casati, at Monza.

THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S MAUSOLEUM AT POTSDAM is nearly finished, and will be consecrated on the anniversary of his birthday, October 18th. Originally the ceremony was fixed for June last, the second anniversary of his death, but the works were not ready in time.

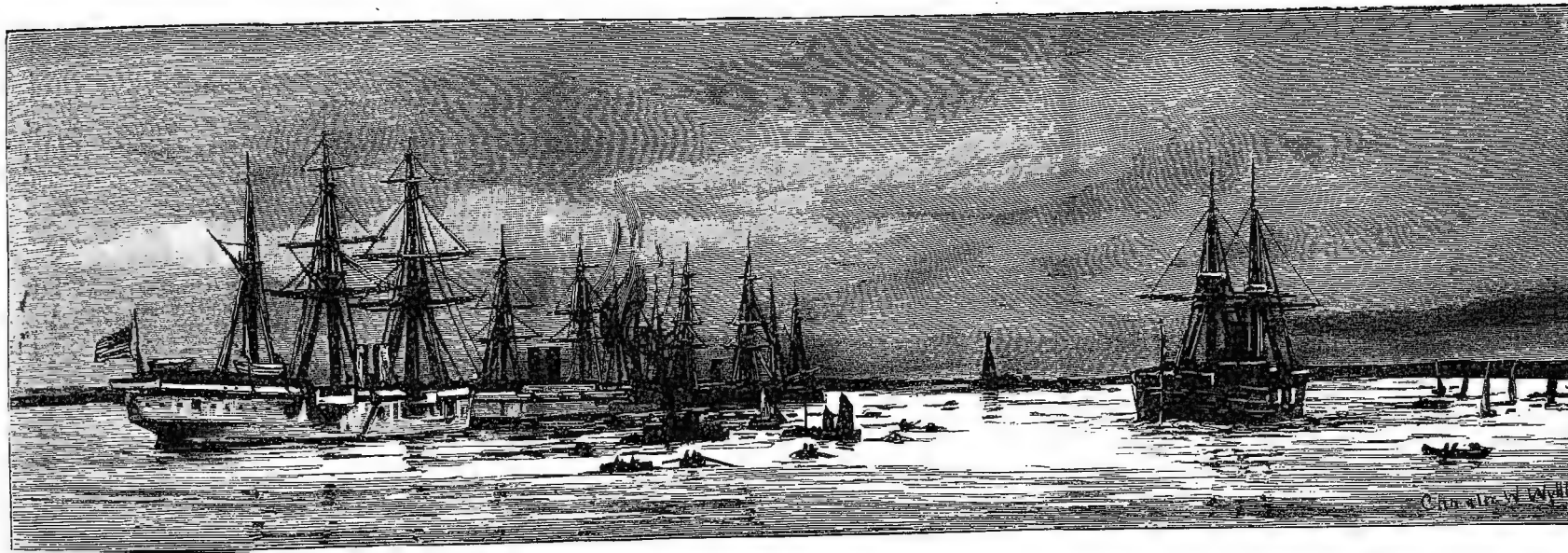
FRENCH DUELS cost the combatants a pretty penny. M. Rochefort spent exactly 100*l.* on his recent encounter with M. Thiebaut, so M. Mermeix will have a nice little bill to pay by the time he has worked off the remaining dozen duels projected through his revelations in the "Coulisses du Boulangisme."

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA'S VISIT TO IRELAND excites much interest in our sister island. Queen Elizabeth is staying at Bray, County Wicklow—the Irish Brighton—in a charming house commanding an extensive sea-view, with the hills and the Bay of Killiney on one side, and Bray Head on the other. Her Majesty proposes to make numerous excursions.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY is now showing the three Old Masters lately bought from the Earl of Radnor, which caused so much legal discussion as to the owner's right of sale. These works are Holbein's "Two Ambassadors"—two men standing at a table bearing two globes; Velasquez's portrait of the Spanish Admiral, Pulidopareja; and a likeness of a Venetian noble in armour, by Moroni. For the present, the pictures occupy easels in Room No. VI., devoted to the Umbrian school.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased again last week, when the deaths numbered 1,410 against 1,513 during the previous seven days, being a fall of 103, and at a rate of 16.6 per 1,000. The fatalities from diarrhoea and dysentery were most numerous, and reached 117. There were 39 deaths from measles, 35 from whooping cough, 18 apiece from scarlet fever, enteric fever, and diphtheria, 5 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea, and 1 from typhus. Fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs continued high, and numbered 210, an increase of 30 and 31 above the average. There were 2,533 births registered—182 below the usual return.

THE GERMAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES now taking place afford most interesting tests of the latest introductions in warfare, such as the smokeless powder and the electric search-light. The unpleasant smell of the former seems to have been removed partially, and at night the powder possesses the advantage of being almost fireless. During nocturnal manœuvres, the troops using this compound only show the tiniest spark or jet of flame to mark their position. The electric light is very useful in discovering an



of what should be mine—the house that will be mine some day! It is inhuman!"

"I can quite believe that your father's hardness causes you pain, but no advantage is gained by brooding over it. You cannot alter his mood, and must patiently endure till it changes. Instead of altering his for the better, you may deteriorate your own by fretful repining."

Anthony tossed his head.

"You, too, in the fault-finding mood! All the world is in league against me."

"Take my advice," said Luke; "put Hall out of your thoughts and calculations. You may have to wait much longer than you imagined at one time till your father relents; you know that he is tough in his purpose, and firm in his resolution. He will not yield without a struggle with his pride. So—act as if Hall were no more yours than Kilworthy."

Anthony winced, and looked up hastily, his colour darkened, and he began hastily and vehemently to rap at the table.

"Kilworthy!" Why had Luke mentioned that place by name? Was he also mocking him, as Fox had yester-even, for throwing away his chance of so splendid a possession?

Luke did not notice that this reference had touched a vibrating string in his cousin's conscience. He went on, "Do not continue to reckon on what may not be yours. It is possible—though I do not say it is likely—that your father may disinherit you. Face the worst, be prepared for the worst, and then, if things turn out better than you had anticipated, well!—You unman yourself by living for, reckoning on, dead men's boots; make yourself shoes out of your own hide, and be content that you have the wherewithal to cover your feet."

"You think it possible that my father may never come round—even on his death-bed?"

"God grant he may," answered Luke, gravely. "But he entertains an old and bitter grudge against your wife's father, and this grudge has passed over to and invests her. God grant His grace that he may come to a better mind, for if he goes out of this life with this grudge on his heart, he cannot look to find mercy when he stands before the throne of his Judge."

## THE REMOVAL OF ERICSSON'S BODY TO SWEDEN

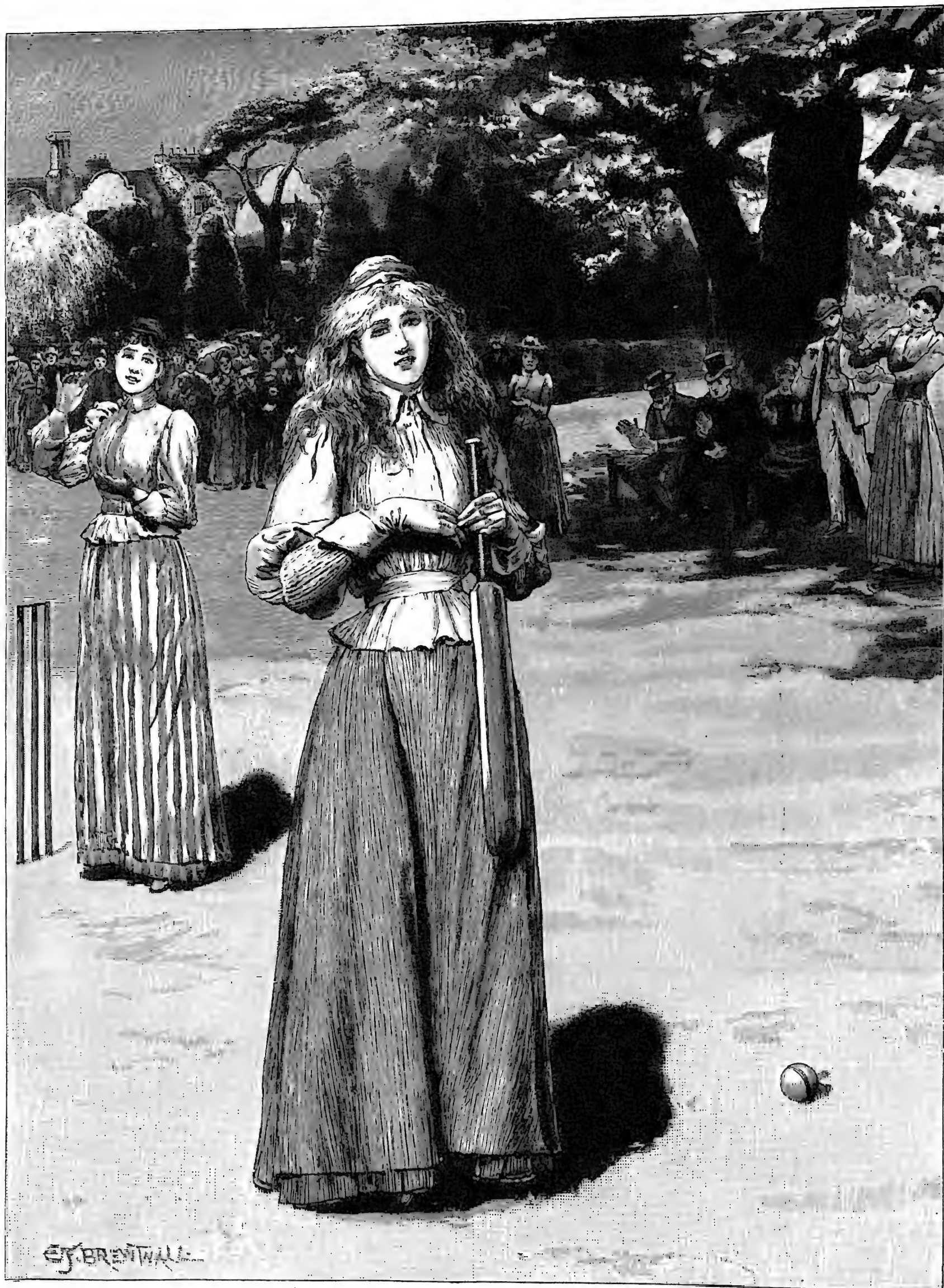
SWEDEN being the native land of Captain John Ericsson, it was only natural that a national desire should have been expressed for the body of the celebrated inventor to be interred among his kindred in the land that gave him birth. The United States Government having courteously acceded to the request made by the Swedish authorities, preparations for the transfer of the body from the one country to the other were commenced, and on August 23rd last, with a most impressive ceremony, the mortal remains of the great inventor and builder of the renowned *Monitor* were conveyed from the cemetery to the deck of the formidable American ironclad, the *Baltimore*, the vessel to which the Government assigned the duty of carrying the body across the Atlantic. A fleet of gunboats had been anchored in the bay, conspicuous among them being the black hull of the *Kearsage*, renowned for her successful engagement with the *Alabama*, and an old monitor, the *Nantucket*, had been towed into the harbour to assist in thundering out a last salute to the inventor to whose genius the United States must for ever stand a debtor. Our illustration shows the *Baltimore* slowly passing down the line-of-battle ships, whose guns, in succession, belched out a greeting to the cruiser and her freight as she steamed down the channel on her way to sea. The *Baltimore* reached Stockholm on Sunday last. The coffin was landed at two o'clock, and was carried covered with the flags of Sweden and America to a funeral pavilion erected on the quay. Guns fired, bells tolled, a military band pererected music, a patriotic poem was recited, and a funeral hymn was sung, ere the procession, which included representatives of the King, Queen, and Crown Prince, with deputations from Universities and scientific bodies, started on its way to the railway station. Here further military honours were paid, and a special train then bore away the remains to Filipstad, where the great inventor was born, and where he is now buried.

THE FAMOUS VINE AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE now displays some 1,500 bunches of fine grapes. The Queen's sanction is necessary before the fruit can be cut.

advancing foe, but it too often falls by mistake upon the defenders themselves and exposes them to attack. The dogs recently trained to carry despatches prove very satisfactory. Every effort has been made to render the mimic campaign as like real war as possible, and round Leipsic the commanding officer issued a notice to the citizens requesting them to give all information to the "home," or defending force, but to mislead, in every imaginable way, the "enemy," or attacking force. The smokeless powder has been tried with much success at the French, Danish, and Hungarian manœuvres, and now will be tested in Italy. Both in the German and Hungarian operations the cavalry repeatedly swum the rivers on horseback.

THE "IRON GATES" OF THE DANUBE are being removed at last, after thirty years' delay since the undertaking was first planned. These great obstacles to navigation are rocks and rapids in the bed of the Lower Danube, between Moldau and Turn Severin, and when the rocks are blasted away several good-sized canals will be cut, rendering the river navigable for large vessels from its mouth to the Austrian capital. The works are to be finished by the end of 1895, and will cost 900,000*l.*, to be furnished by the Hungarian Government. Even in the Emperor Trajan's time, seventeen centuries ago, an attempt was made to construct a canal to avoid the Iron Gates, traces of which are still visible. In 1860, an Austrian syndicate attempted to carry out the scheme, but their plans fell through till 1871, when the London Conference authorised the levying of tolls to cover the necessary expense. A joint Austro-Hungarian and Ottoman Committee then "considered" the matter till the Treaty of Berlin handed it over to Austria-Hungary alone, and finally the Hungarian Government undertook the work in exchange for the Austrian Government making the Arlberg Tunnel. Servian and Roumanian, as well as Austrian, commerce will benefit greatly by the improvements, so several high Servian officials were present at the inauguration of the works on Monday, together with the chief members of the Hungarian Cabinet and the Austrian Minister of Commerce, while M. Baross, the Hungarian Commerce Minister, exploded the first charge by electricity, blowing up the Greben Rock with sixty kilogrammes of dynamite.





"WELL PLAYED!"—A SKETCH AT A LADIES' CRICKET MATCH  
DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTON, R.W.S.



Thankyou very much July 3<sup>rd</sup> 1799

Sir,

I was this day honored with your letter of May 3<sup>rd</sup> conveying the Resolutions of the Hon<sup>ble</sup> East India Company. It is true Sir that I am incapable of finding words to convey my feelings for the unprecedented honor done me by the Company, having in my younger days served in the East Indies I am most anxious to the Company of the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Company, but this generous act of yours to me so much surpasses all calculation of gratitude, that I have only the power of saying that I receive it with all respect. I am most obliged to you for your very elegant and flattering letter and that I am with the greatest respect your most obliged & obedient servant.

Wm. Nelson

Sir Stephen Lushington  
Chairman of the Court of Directors of the Honorable East India Company

At a Court of Directors held on  
Wednesday the 24<sup>th</sup> April, 1799.

Resolved Unanimously, That the Thanks of this Court be given to the Right Honorable, Rear Admiral Lord Nelson, for the very great and important Services he has rendered to the East India Company, by the ever memorable Victory obtained over the French Fleet, near the Mouth of the Nile, on the 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> August, 1798.

Resolved Unanimously, That in further testimony of the high sense this Court entertain of the very great and important benefits arising to the East India Company from his Lordship's magnanimous Conduct on that glorious occasion, that this Court request his Lordship's acceptance of the sum of Ten Thousand Pounds.

THANKS OF COURT OF DIRECTORS TO LORD NELSON FOR HIS VICTORY AT MOUTH OF THE NILE, 24 APRIL, 1799.

AND LORD NELSON'S REPLY, 3 JULY, 1799.

RELICS OF THE OLD EAST INDIA COMPANY  
The Journal of Indian Art for July contains a splendid collection of reproductions by photographic process of many of the documents and charters of the East India Company. "The London East India Company" was incorporated by Queen Elizabeth in 1600, and "The English Company Trading to the East Indies" was incorporated by William III. in 1698, the two companies finally amalgamating in 1708-9 into "The Honourable East India Company." Among the documents reproduced are a special license

issued by James I. to the East India merchants, a license from Charles I., a warrant from Cromwell, a charter granted by Charles II., and a charter granted by William and Mary. The illustrations which we publish to-day are a reproduction of the thanks of the Court of Directors of the East India Company to Lord Nelson for his victory at the mouth of the Nile, and the reply which Nelson returned to the Court, and the copy of a print of the old East India Company's house in Leadenhall Street, from 1648 to 1726. This was the house of the "London" Company, which was incorporated by Queen Elizabeth. In 1726 the curious old front of the house

was pulled down, and the building was re-faced in the pseudo-Greek style then prevailing, and in 1796 the house was entirely rebuilt by Japp. In this latter building the Directors of the Honourable East India Company held their last meeting on August 10th, 1858, and the Company held its last General Court on the 30th of the same month, before surrendering its powers to the new Indian Council. The magazine is photo-lithographed, and published by W. Griggs, Elm House, Hanover Street, Peckham.  
The Illustration of the Old East India House in Leadenhall Street will be found on page 328.





"Lisa, the only child of a rich merchant of Palermo, having fallen ill through love of King Pietro of Sicily, asks his favourite musician, Minaccio, to come and sing to her."—Boccaccio

# "HOW LISA LOVED THE KING"

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. BLAIR LEIGHTON, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



Mr. J. W. Crombie gives us a charming little volume of essays on "The Poets and Peoples of Foreign Lands" (Elliot Stock). The subjects treated of are "The Folk-Poetry of Spain," "A Royal Moorish Poet," "Frederic Mistral," "Klaus Groth," and "Staring Van Den Wildenborch." Mr. Crombie rightly thinks that the study of popular poetry combines fitly with travel abroad, while enhancing its charm. Street-hawkers in Southern Spain always announce their wares in improvised couplets. In Seville it would seem as if sweetmeats could not be sold without a musical adver-

HET ADVIS VAN DEN  
GOET INDISCHE COMPAGNIE IN  
LONDEN

THE *Kokuhun*, a new Japanese political journal, publishes details of a determined combination of tenants in Okayama Ken for the reduction of rents. Accounts are given of six riots, during which several houses belonging to rice merchants and shippers were destroyed.



DIVINATION BY NUMBERS is still a favourite pastime. A German statistician has discovered that the number "3" has played an important part in Prince Bismarck's life. The family coat of arms bears over the motto "In Trinitate Robur" three clover and three oak leaves. Caricaturists of the ex-Chancellor have for years represented him with three hairs on his head. He has three children and three estates; he fought in three wars, and signed three treaties of peace. He arranged the meeting of the three Emperors, and originated the Triple Alliance. He had under him the three great political parties (Conservatives, National Liberals, and Ultramontanes), and served three German Emperors.





A DAY WITH THE SKETCHING CLUB AT BUSHEY



# THE GRAPHIC



THE annual summer routine of Imperial interviews follows its usual course, and this week the rulers of GERMANY and AUSTRIA-HUNGARY have met at the Silesian manœuvres. Each Sovereign bringing his Prime Minister, the gathering arouses more than ordinary speculation, especially as Count Kalnoky and Chancellor Caprivi meet for the first time. Again, rumours have been most persistent respecting the renewal of the Triple Alliance, and Germany's intention to allow Austria a freer hand in the Balkan Peninsula, much to the wrath of Russia—frankly expressed in the Muscovite Press. Russia cannot dissemble her disappointment that greater cordiality did not result from the late meeting between the Czar and Emperor William, so that the warm welcome prepared in Germany for Emperor Francis Joseph is a doubly bitter pill. The Austrian Emperor arrived at Breslau on Wednesday, and, after meeting the German Empress, accompanied Emperor William to Rohnstock, where the Sovereigns make their headquarters. The King of Saxony, the Duke of Connaught, many of the chief German Princes, Court officials, and foreign military guests are assembling for the manœuvres, which close the elaborate series recently witnessed by Emperor William. His Majesty is delighted with his Silesian welcome, and has made numerous laudatory speeches in honour of the Province so closely connected with the Hohenzollern House. He dwelt also upon the good example set by Silesia in carrying out his labour-reform projects, an example "which may be followed by everybody in the State without distinction of party or religious persuasion." Citizens, he continued, ought not to leave such work to the State and its officers, but to take their part in combating revolutionary elements. At the close of the manœuvres, Emperor William returns the Austrian Emperor's visit at Vienna, where a grand reception is being arranged, and next month he will entertain the King of the Belgians at Berlin.

Whilst thus cultivating peaceful relations at home, the Germans are stirring up strife afresh in EAST AFRICA. To the general consternation at Zanzibar, the Teutonic authorities at Bagamoyo issued a proclamation permitting the sale and purchase of slaves in the town and neighbourhood—a direct defiance of the Sultan's late anti-slavery decree, especially considering that His Majesty has not yet actually ceded this district to the Germans. The Sultan's proclamation had been ignored in the Teutonic protectorate, and the slaves of a deceased owner sold publicly within the last few weeks; but it was considered that the German authorities simply intended to put down the sale gradually. Native slavers are in high glee and the slave trade is more active than for thirty years past, all the dealers having moved across to the mainland. However, the European colony anticipate that the German Government will promptly disavow the proclamation, as a point of honour to maintain their engagements with England. This view is held generally at Berlin, where public opinion condemns strongly any such breach of the Convention. Major Wissmann may return to Bagamoyo next month, taking with him the steamer supplied by public subscription for the Victoria Nyanza. In reference to African affairs, the Convention between Great Britain and PORTUGAL was presented to the Lisbon Cortes on Monday, amid great popular excitement. The shops and offices were shut, and crowds waited outside the Cortes, while the scene was equally lively inside the building, a stand-up fight ensuing between Major Serpa Pinto and a Progressist priest. Indeed, the Progressists hooted and disturbed the Government throughout the debate, although the Convention has been somewhat modified to appease Portuguese patriotism. Thus, Angola is excluded from the trade stipulations imposed on other provinces, Portugal may still impose export and import duties, and the British assent will not be required if Portugal wishes to part with her territories south of the Zambesi, though England will have the first choice of such territory. But even when amended the Convention excites the strongest opposition, and has brought about a Ministerial crisis.—Probably a temporary Cabinet will be arranged to hurry the Convention through the House. To turn to the Delagoa Bay dispute, Messrs. Blaesi, Haensler, and Soldan, eminent Swiss jurists, are the arbitrators chosen.

The Boulanger revelations in FRANCE continue to stir up as much mud as possible, and bring discredit upon all parties concerned. The General, very ungallantly, tries to turn the tables upon the Duchesse d'Uzès, by accusing her of acting more for love of him than from devotion to the Royalists, but his insinuations have brought down a severe rebuke even from his former partisans. Indeed the General's explanations have been so voluble that his cause has sunk still deeper in the mire, his own words proving him to have been a very poor kind of conspirator. Nevertheless, the Royalists dreaded that he would assert himself instead of proving their tool, and it was their fear of such treachery that delayed the proposed *coup d'état* on the night before M. Carnot's election, and lost the General his chance of rule. The injudicious Duchesse d'Uzès is being harried on all sides, from M. Rochefort downwards, and has retired to her country château, vowing to eschew politics for ever, after she has embodied her experiences in a novel. Meanwhile M. Mermeix pours forth fresh instalments of the "Coulisses," though he has been ill with a severe wound in the left side through a duel with M. Dumonteil. He is very anxious for a formal investigation of his alleged unfairness in the Labryère encounter, but the public are becoming weary of the subject now that every journal is full of interviews and revelations relating to the one theme. The latest accusation against the General declares that he attempted to treat with Prince Bismarck. It is asserted that the Government will prosecute some of the Boulangerists, and exile the Duc de Chartres, but so far the Cabinet treat the affair with silent contempt, not being minded to create fresh martyrs. President Carnot is giving popular garden-parties at Fontainebleau, and the Ministry are mostly holiday-making, while M. Freycinet now goes North to witness the close of the Military Manœuvres, which have been most successful. Similar operations in the South-West were marked by a political demonstration, the commander, General Ferron, toasting Russia and her Army with the greatest enthusiasm. This speech was only in keeping with the Russophilism now prevalent, which is promoted warmly by a new Parisian journal, *L'Union Franco-Russe*. Paris is recovering from summer dulness, and the theatres are reopening, but the fine weather keeps the fashionable world still away at the seaside, or shooting in the country. M. Joffrin, the working-man Deputy, who displaced General Boulanger at Montmartre, is dead, so that the seat will be again contested.

At this season, SWITZERLAND is so entirely given up to tourists and to holiday-making in general, that a revolution in the "Play-ground of Europe" seems especially out of place. But disturbances have long been brewing in Ticino, the chief of the Italian Cantons, thanks to the antagonism between Ultramontanes and Liberals. Since the former came into power fifteen years ago, they have not allowed the latter fair play, depriving many Liberal electors of their votes by an ingenious twisting of the Constitution, while further ill-feeling was fostered by the frauds of the Government Treasurer. Recently, the Liberals took advantage of the Cantonal

Law permitting the Constitution to be revised on the petition of 7,000 citizens, and 10,000 electors signed a demand for a popular vote on the revision. The Government delayed to answer the petition within the period legally assigned, and the Liberals, losing patience at last, attacked the State offices at Bellinzona, imprisoned the Government, and set up a Provisional Government of their own. Much excitement prevailed, and in the fray one of the Conservative Government, Signor Rossi, was shot by a revengeful Liberal, whose brother had been killed by the Conservatives in a former rising. The Liberals also took possession of Locarno, Lugano, and several other towns, besides interfering with the traffic on the St. Gothard Railway. They did not enjoy their success long. The Federal Council forthwith despatched a Special Commissioner, General Künzli, with troops, to restore the former state of affairs, but on reaching Bellinzona the Commissioner found the rising so generally popular that he was obliged to arrange a compromise. After long negotiations, the Provisional Government resigned under protest, the members of the Conservative Government were released one by one, and General Künzli assumed the direction of public business, aided by two Conservatives and two Liberals, until a general election takes place, and the electors have pronounced on the revision of the Constitution, on October 5th. Though Bellinzona is quiet, Locarno and Lugano continue uneasy, especially as the deposed Government are ventilating their grievances by noisy speeches at Lugano. Accordingly, strong bodies of troops are stationed round all likely centres of disturbance. At present the Conservatives have little prospect of returning to power, for the Federal Council has decided that the Liberal complaints were justifiable.

Commercial circles in the UNITED STATES continue much agitated by the passing of the Tariff Bill, and the strained condition of the money market. Secretary Windom has been conferring with the leading American financiers on the best means of relieving the strain, by putting into circulation some of the money blocked up in the Treasury, and denies that the Government have attempted to hoard the currency. He offered to prepay certain interest, and to buy Four per Cent. Bonds to the amount of sixteen million dollars, but the owners at first held back for a better price than the 125 offered. Further, Mr. Windom states that the Government will advise Congress to delay the operation of the new Tariff Laws on goods already bonded until February, instead of November. Having been returned finally from the Senate to the House of Representatives with no fewer than 464 amendments, the McKinley Bill is now in the hands of a Conference Committee, composed of seven members from each House, who are arranging the differences of opinion before presenting the completed Bill to Congress. Not content with the rigid Protection of the new Tariff, the Americans hint at a serious policy of retaliation in the new Meat Inspection Act just come into force. The dangerous powers of this law are only now being realised abroad. The Act provides for all American meat and cattle being inspected before the embarkation to prevent spreading disease, but, if a foreign Government should refuse to trust this inspection, the American President can exclude any products of that country from the United States. It is a curious coincidence that this year, when the Americans are so determined to depend upon their own products, the national crops should be exceptionally deficient.

Labour troubles in AUSTRALIA remain very acute. True, the Brisbane strike has ceased, and the Queensland coasting traffic has been resumed; but at Sydney the Labour Conference decided to call out the woolshearers, labourers, and carriers, and probably all the affiliated trades will follow, amounting to 80,000 men. This step has been deferred during fresh attempts at mediation; still the Government intend to buy up all the rifle ammunition in Sydney, in case of further disturbance. Neither the Labour nor the Employers' Conference produced any useful result beyond resolutions on both sides approving freedom of contract. Meanwhile the Federation Scheme progresses more rapidly than the industrial question. The New South Wales Parliament has chosen four delegates for the coming National Australian Convention on Federation—Sir H. Parkes and Mr. M'Millan, the Colonial Treasurer, for the Government, and Messrs. Abbott and Dibbs for the Opposition, besides three members of the Legislative Council. New Zealand, too, has changed her mind on the subject, and, after flatly refusing last week to send any delegates, the House of Representatives has appointed Sir G. Grey and Mr. Russell—not empowered, however, to commit the colony to definite action.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The floods in AUSTRIA-HUNGARY are subsiding, after causing intense alarm at Pesh, and steamers can again run on the Danube. Prague is also recovering, though frightened afresh by the fall of the new Exhibition building, amid other disasters of the inundation.—Cholera continues much the same in SPAIN, and is decreasing at the pilgrim stations in EGYPT, but has broken out at Aleppo and Massowah, and rages at the Russian fortress of Vladivostock on the North Pacific and in CHINA.—IN EASTERN AFFAIRS the Armenian question remains foremost. The Armenian patriarch has resigned afresh, objecting to the appointment of the Inquiry Commission, while at Stamboul a young Armenian tried to assassinate a Bishop whom he suspected of deserting his country's interest. Moussa Bey has been recaptured.—IN INDIA the Lushais again give trouble, and Captain Herbert Browne has been killed during a raid on Aijal. In reply to the recent agitation against income-tax in Bengal, the Government refuses to abolish the tax, as other fiscal reforms are more necessary. Upper Burma suffers simultaneously from drought and floods, some districts being parched, while the Irrawaddy region is inundated.—General Ezeta has been re-elected President of SAN SALVADOR, with only one dissident vote.



THE QUEEN enjoys beautiful weather at Balmoral for her various excursions. Her Majesty again drove through Braemar at the end of last week, proceeding up Glen Cluny to Fraser's Brig, whence the Royal party returned through Invercauld. Lady Lansdowne and her eldest daughter have been staying at the Castle, while, on Saturday, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Princess Victoria, visited the Queen. Next morning the Royal party attended Divine Service at Balmoral, where the Rev. Colin Campbell officiated, and in the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria and the Duke and Duchess of Fife, came over from Abergeldie, the Princess of Wales driving out with Her Majesty. Subsequently, the Rev. Colin Campbell dined with the Royal party, and next day Countess Feodore Gleichen arrived on a visit.

The Prince of Wales has joined his family in Scotland. His visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson was shortened by the death of the hostess' brother, so the Prince stayed at his eldest son's quarters at York for the last day of Doncaster Races, and, after dining with Mr. Vyner at Fairfield, proceeded to Abergeldie with Mr. Christopher Sykes. The Princess, with the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Princess Victoria, also arrived from staying with the Duke and

Duchess of Fife at Marlodge, where the Prince goes in a few days for the shooting. Later the Prince and Princess leave for the Continent, the Princess and daughters going to Fredensborg to see the Danish Royal Family, while the Prince pays several visits in Austria. On his return to England he will spend a few days with the Comte and Comtesse de Paris at Stowe. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale has visited South Wales this week. He was greeted with addresses at Hereford and Abergavenny, and on crossing the Welsh border was escorted by Volunteers to Sir J. Bailey's seat at Glanusk Park, near Crickhowell. On Tuesday he was similarly escorted to Brecon, and after acknowledging another address, visited the Agricultural Show, receiving a warm welcome. He spent Tuesday at Cardiff, where he opened the Clarence Bridge, visited the Butte Dock, and received the freedom of the borough.—Prince George of Wales enjoyed continual festivities during his visit to Montreal, and left on Saturday for Quebec.

The Duke of Edinburgh returned to England on Saturday to take up his duties at Devonport, leaving the Duchess and family at Coburg for the present. As the drainage of Admiralty House is being improved, he will stay meanwhile at a hotel in the town.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have accompanied the German Emperor and Empress to the Silesian Manœuvres, while their children remained behind at Potsdam.—Princess Louise is suffering from overwork, and has been obliged to relinquish all public engagements. She is now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Flower, at Overstrand, near Cromer.—The Empress Frederick, with Princesses Victoria and Margaret, will spend three weeks longer in Venice.—The Queen of Roumania will visit Queen Victoria at Balmoral shortly, and the King is expected to join his wife at the end of the month. Queen Elizabeth has scoured the neighbourhood of Llandudno most thoroughly, and is delighted with the warm welcome accorded her. She went to Bangor, and across the Menai Bridge to Beaumaris; where the Choral Union sang to Her Majesty, spent Monday at Carnarvon, going thence to stay at Lord Penrhyn's Castle at Bangor, and after visiting the slate quarries on Tuesday, Her Majesty left Holyhead for a week in Ireland.



WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL (*From Our Special Correspondent*).—We last week gave an account of the Festival performances down to Tuesday night. The concert in the Cathedral on Wednesday opened with "The Dead March" from *Saul*, played as a tribute to the memory of Canon Liddon. This was followed by a lengthy programme of music, chiefly by the classical masters. It included Mozart's *Requiem*, or rather the *Requiem* left unfinished by Mozart and completed by his pupil, Süssmayer, the difficult music of which was admirably rendered by the Worcester Choir, with Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd and Watkin Mills as soloists. Beethoven's C minor Symphony—which it seems was not given in the Cathedral without some qualms of conscience on the part of the clerical authorities—received a very good rendering from the orchestra under Mr. Lee Williams. The opening movement might perhaps have been taken at a rather quicker pace, but the slow movement and *finale* at any rate went admirably. From the large repertory of Church music by Sebastian Bach were selected the Pastoral Symphony from the *Christmas Oratorio* and the Reformation Cantata *A Stronghold Sure*, based, as music-lovers may recollect, upon the fine old chorale tune "Ein, feste Burg," generally attributed to Martin Luther. The programme also included Spohr's Cantata "God, Thou art Great" and Weber's *Harvest* (or "Jubilee") Cantata, the music of which was perhaps less suited to performance in a Cathedral than any other item of the morning's scheme.

On Wednesday evening the only secular concert of the week took place in the Public Hall. Dr. Hubert Parry received an enthusiastic welcome on his appearance to conduct his *Leeds Festival "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,"* the leading parts in which were sustained by Miss Anna Williams and Mr. Watkin, M.L.S. The choruses were sung by the Leeds contingent of the choir, who also were heard in a well-written, though not otherwise particularly effective, part song, "To Morning," by Mr. Charles Harford Lloyd. In the course of a miscellaneous programme which followed was produced a new overture, "Froissart," by Mr. Edward Elgar, a local musician, some of whose compositions have already been performed at Mr. Stockley's orchestral concerts in Birmingham. The work bears a motto, "When Chivalry lifted up her lance on high." The overture is in the key of B flat, and opening with a species of march, followed by a movement in slower time we arrive at the principal section, where the two subjects, one of a martial and the other of a tender and melodious character, are in admirable contrast. The programme which must have been in the composer's mind was not disclosed in the book of words, but it seems likely that all this is merely the introduction to a tournament which in the "working out" section may be supposed to be fought. The overture shows some signs of crudeness, but it is a highly creditable effort for so young a musician.

On Thursday, the principal novelty of the Festival, that is to say, Professor Bridge's *Repentance of Nineveh*, was produced. We have already, as far back as the 30th ult., given an account of the story, which Mr. Bennett has partly invented, and has otherwise told in words selected from various portions of the Bible. Professor Bridge's music is strongest in its choruses, and particularly in the numerous examples which he has afforded of choruses of a contrapuntal, and even of a more strictly fugal character. He is at his weakest in his solos, some of which are hardly grateful to the vocalists or interesting to the audience. The composer has, to a certain extent, handicapped himself by the adoption of the "leit motif" expedient, two at least of the representative themes, those which stand respectively for the "Judgment" and for the Divine "Mercy" being so frequently reiterated as eventually to become tedious. The music is, however, notable for its unconventionality, and also for the care which the composer has obviously taken to avoid the commonplace, and to keep clearly in view the exigences of a dramatic story. In the first part, the best of the music is to be found in a march and chorus which accompany the triumphal entry of the Assyrian King and his army into Nineveh; the denunciation of the citizens by Jonah; and the final fugal chorus. In the second part there are some striking contrasts in Jonah's soliloquy under the gourd. But the most effective number is that in which the voices of the now penitent inhabitants of Nineveh are heard in the distance, the motive of mercy afterwards appearing in the orchestra as a hint that the judgment pronounced upon them will be stayed. It is, however, in the last section of the oratorio that the composer has put forth all his strength. The opening chorus, partly fugal, partly of a solemn character, in which the populace express their fears on the arrival of the fortieth day after the prophecy, the abject terror of the King, the scornful raillery of his Queen (whose derivative solo is, save one, the best in the work) and the hymn sung by the people immediately before the storm, are all thoroughly in keeping with the musical and the dramatic design. The storm itself is of a somewhat conventional character, but immediately it has



The temperature was highest (77°) on Wednesday (10th inst.); lowest (47°) on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday (13th, 14th, and 15th inst.); range 30°. No measurable rain has fallen during the period.





1. Sometimes there is a great scarcity of men (on one occasion the proportion was 7 to 1), the one being in great request until it was discovered that he was married.
2. It is decidedly uncomfortable, when there are two parsons stopping in the house who differ as to their views.

3. Wine and beer extra—Everybody brings the beverage he or she likes best, some in medicine bottles, some in mugs.
4. Whatever happens there are always two people who manage to enjoy themselves by criticising their neighbours.

5. At times the hostess is scrimpy, which entails private cooking in the bedrooms.
6. For some nights before you left you were haunted by an album, in which you were supposed to write something witty and funny.
7. Usually there is a half-pay captain who sets an example in manners by lighting his candle at the gas.



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the week ending September 27th.  
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London Military Band (Thursday, 25th).  
Kneller Hall Band (Saturday, 27th inst.).

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The following events will take place during the  
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Royal Military Banding by the Pipes of the First Bat-  
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Trooping the Colours, Marching Past, and Musical  
Drill, &c., by the Boys of the Royal Military  
Asylum (Duke of York's School).  
Display by the First Battalion Coldstream Guards.  
Grand descriptive Piece, the Battle of Waterloo.  
Display by the 14th Hussars.  
For details see daily papers.

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SIR CHARLES RUSSELL made a smart Opposition speech on Monday at a meeting of the Liberals of Leith, the port of Edinburgh. The chief point in it possessing some novelty was in his reference to the charge of inconsistency brought against Parliamentary Gladstonians because they opposed the Government Irish Land Purchase Bill after supporting the similar measure proposed by their leader in 1886. Mr. Gladstone's measure, Sir Charles replied, was part of a great scheme of national reconciliation, and he confessed that he had been among those who regarded it as unduly Liberal to the Irish landlords. He had been willing to receive it, not on its own merits, but as part of a great scheme of reconciliation.

THE SOUTHAMPTON STRIKE was regarded on Tuesday as having been virtually ended, through concessions on the part of the employers, who, however, are determined not to submit to the demand that they shall engage none but unionists. The officer commanding the troops at Southampton withdrew them on Wednesday, as he considered that order had been restored. Mr. Sprow, referred to in this column last week as the organiser of the strike, was committed on Monday for trial at the assizes on the charge of intimidating firemen who had signed articles, and thus preventing a Royal Mail steamship from going to sea. He was admitted to bail. On Tuesday thirteen dockers were also committed for trial on a similar charge.

A DEPUTATION from the newly-formed Shipmasters' and Officers' Federation, which numbers among its members about 7,000 certificated masters and other officers of the Mercantile Marine, had a satisfactory interview on Tuesday with the interim Council of the great Shipping Federation, which has been more than once referred to in this column. One of the functions of their Federation, the deputation explained, was to protect masters and officers from the attempt, which they would resist to the utmost, now being made by certain labour-organisations connected with the sea to coerce them into entering a trade union. The chairman of the interim council of the Shipowners' Federation gave the deputation a hearty welcome, saying that they had received promises of assistance from every quarter in which British trade was concerned, and that there was really no difficulty in obtaining labourers or crews in the majority of the ports of the United Kingdom.

THE SUB-COMMITTEE OF THE NAVAL EXHIBITION have decided on holding it in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital if they can obtain an additional three acres of land adjoining the present site, on which to have, in connection with other projected outdoor entertainments, evolutions of Blue-jackets and naval drill and exercises. The guarantee fund already amounts to more than 30,000l. Posses-

sors of articles illustrative of our naval history and warfare are requested to communicate with the Hon. Secretary, Captain Jephson, R.N., at the offices of the Exhibition, 6, Craig's Court, S.W.

A SINGULAR AND DANGEROUS FIRE broke out a little after seven on Monday morning in the naphtha stores of the Metropolitan Railway, about 350 yards from the Farringdon Street Station, on the north side of which run the trains of the Metropolitan and District Companies, and on the south side those of the Great Northern, Midland, South-Eastern, and Chatham and Dover Companies. Immediately over the naphtha stores is a bridge containing the gas and water mains. The fire originated in the carelessness of the man under whose charge are the naphtha stores. He struck a lucifer match on entering there, and had to run for his life when the flame ignited the naphtha vapour, which had been accumulating for forty hours. One after another the great barrels of naphtha burst and their contents took fire. A large force of firemen was soon on the spot, and they were doing their utmost to save from collapse the bridge above, on which the fury of the flames seemed to be concentrated, when the great gas main which traverses the bridge burst, and a stream of gas from it taking fire, the bridge, being involved in a double attack, began to give way. At last, after great exertion, the roadway was dug up, the gaspipe cut, the main plugged, the fire got under, and the bridge shored up. The railway traffic, which had been very seriously interrupted, was resumed on Tuesday morning.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Sir Stuart Colvin Bayley, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, has been appointed Secretary of the Political Department of the India Office, in succession to Colonel Sir E. R. C. Bradford, now Commissioner of Metropolitan Police.—Under the auspices of the Fruiterers' Company there will be held in the Guildhall, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of October, an exhibition of fruit on a large scale, the object of which is to promote the extension and improved culture of useful fruit in the homesteads and cottage gardens of the United Kingdom. In nine classes of exhibits prizes are to be offered. The Queen is Patron of the Exhibition, and Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone are among the Vice-Presidents. Communications on the subject may be sent to Mr. O. C. T. Eagleton, Clerk to the Fruiterers' Company, at 40, Chancery Lane.—The Paddington Vestry have pronounced to be "most objectionable" a huge iron advertising structure, one of many, with which of late years London has been disfigured, and in this case erected on the roof and walls of a local hotel.—The Society of Arts, in pursuance of their most laudable practice, have placed a memorial tablet on the house No. 19, Warwick Crescent, Maida Hill, where the late Robert Browning lived, after the death of his wife in 1861, until the summer of 1887.—The annual meeting of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, attended by some 230 representatives of the chief public and other libraries of the country, has been held this week in the Town Hall of Reading, to which borough they were welcomed at a reception given them by the Mayor and a local committee.—

A company is being formed, with Sir James Crichton Browne and Mr. Bidder, Q.C., on its Board, to restore the River Wandle to its former beauty as a clear gravel-bedded stream on which the sport of fly-fishing can be enjoyed, and to prevent its future pollution.—The road between Alexandra and Victoria Gates, Hyde Park, is closed for repairs until about the 28th inst.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his sixty-second year, of Sir William Hardman, appointed in 1875 Recorder of Kingston-on-Thames, and for nearly twenty years, since 1871, Chairman of the Surrey Sessions. He was knighted in 1885, in recognition of his services as an unpaid judge in the latter capacity. He was a very zealous Conservative, devoting much time and energy to promote the success of the Primrose League, and acting for some time as the editor of the *Morning Post*. He contested East Surrey unsuccessfully at the General Election of 1868, and was elected an Alderman of the Surrey County Council on its establishment. Also, in his sixty-ninth year, of Mr. Lickering Phipps, formerly in his forty-ninth year, of Colonel William W. Chard, lately coming in his forty-ninth year, of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, who, serving in the Afghan War of 1879-80, took part in the defence and battle of Candahar; in his seventy-eighth year, at Windsor Castle, of Colonel William Stevens, Military Knight, who saw much active service with the 49th Regiment during the last Chinese War; in his sixty-third year, of the Rev. Dr. James O. Millar, Hon. Canon of Bristol Cathedral; in his eighty-fourth year, of the Ven. R. W. P. Davies, late Archdeacon of Brecon; in his eighty-fifth year, of the Hon. and Rev. Charles Twisleton, brother of the thirteenth Baron Saye and Sele; of the Rev. J. L. Biggar, Professor of Oriental Literature and Hermeneutics, Magee Presbyterian College, Londonderry; of Mr. Vans C. Clarke, M.D., R.N., some time Governor of H.M.S. Prison, Woking; and in his fifty-sixth year, of Mr. Walter Priestley, a leading merchant in Paris, one of the founders of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, of which he was several times president, and an active promoter of philanthropic work, as well as of commercial enterprise in the French capital.

VEGETARIANS have been boasting lately of the cheapness of living enjoyed by their disciples. But their economies cannot compare with the expenses of an Ohio miser just dead. For fifty years this man lived upon twopence a day, and saved all his earnings to put into the banks, where he leaves a fortune of 30,000l.

"GOLDEN-ROD PARTIES" are the favourite entertainments just now at Transatlantic watering-places. Many Americans are anxious to adopt the golden-rod as the national flower, so hostesses turn their rooms into bowers of the favourite blossom, while the girls and young men organise merry parties to hunt for golden-rod in the meadows and along the roads.

**PAIN spares neither the Beautiful, nor the Famous, nor the Strong.**

**ST. JACOBS OIL CONQUERS PAIN.**

**THE POPULARITY OF ST. JACOBS OIL AMONG ATHLETES.**

The "HUDDERSFIELD NEWS" says:—"St. Jacobs Oil is universally used by the members of St. John's Football Club, in training and after hard-fought games, for rubbing into the muscles and for knocking and sprains, which they continually receive. The members of this club are unanimous in stating that St. Jacobs Oil is the best and only embrocation for members of athletic clubs to use."

The "BLACKBURN DAILY TELEGRAPH" says:—"Learning that St. Jacobs Oil was regularly used by the celebrated team the BLACKBURN ROVERS, several of the members were called upon, who spoke in the highest terms of its value in reducing swelling of the limbs, and as an embrocation for rubbing in the muscles after severe exercise. Indeed, the Oil is so popular in this club that many of the members attribute their success to its use."

The "PRESTON CHRONICLE" says:—"We learn the FRIARY FOOTBALL CLUB use St. Jacobs Oil in preference to any other liniment or embrocation for rubbing into the muscles while in training, and for the many hard knocks which they receive in the football field. This club, which is one of the best in the country, attributes its success largely to the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. THOMAS CHARLES PULLINGER, the well-known bicycle rider, of 16, High Street, Lewisham, says:—"I have found St. Jacobs Oil has done my leg, which was badly injured by a fall from my bicycle. I consider St. Jacobs Oil a splendid article for rubbing down with while in training."

The HANDSWORTH FRIARY FOOTBALL CLUB use St. Jacobs Oil largely; in fact, no other embrocation is used by the members of this club.

WILLIAM BEACH, of Australia, champion carman of the world, says:—"I have found St. Jacobs Oil of great service in training. For stiffness, cramps, muscular pains, and soreness, it is invaluable."

Mr. A. E. PAINTER, the famous jumper of the London Athletic Club, strained and bruised his ankle in jumping hurdles so as to disable himself. At the suggestion of a friend he used St. Jacobs Oil, with marvellous results.

Mr. E. J. WADE, of the same club, and of the Ranelagh Harriers, sprained his leg and cured it in the same way. Athletes should never be without this cure for pains and rheuma ism.

Mr. J. LEWIS, Trainer, of the Wolverhampton Wanderers Football Club, says:—"I find St. Jacobs Oil superior to all other liniments for sprains, bruises, stiffness of the muscles, weakness of the joints, etc. I use large quantities of it when training the members of the above club."

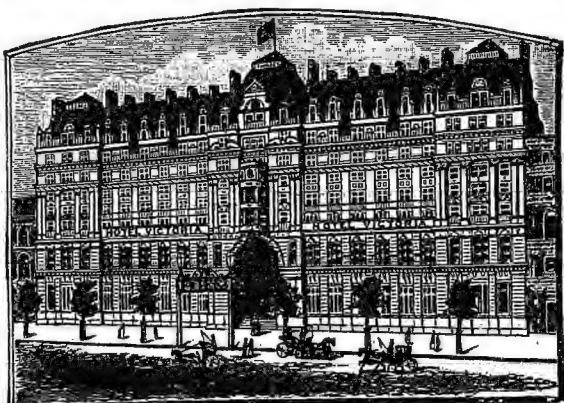
Boating men and cyclists, as well as athletes, everywhere use and recommend St. Jacobs Oil for rubbing into the muscles for hard training. It removes all stiffness and soreness directly. No cyclist should be without a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil on his machine as a part of his equipment. It acts like magic. It conquers pain. It penetrates. It removes the cause of pain.

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**"ART STEPS IN WHEN NATURE FAILS."** CORSETS made from measurement, and specially fitted, from 1/2 to 10 guineas. CORSETS and SUPPORTING STAYS, for Deformities, Curvatures, Spinal Complaints, and Defects of the Figure, under medical supervision. SELECTED FRENCH CORSETS, from 1 guinea. Full descriptive Circulars and Measurement Forms on application. 134, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

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OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS, price 5s.  
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Separate Tables Reserved for Large or Small Parties.  
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Embracing the Therapeutic Properties of the Coca Plant, blended with the Best Madeira.

**COCA FOR TROUBLESOME THROATS.**

Testimony is not wanting from specialists in diseases of the throat, and dramatic and lyric artists, to show that Coca has a wonderfully invigorating effect upon the voice. Very much of the Coca Wine on the market is merely a solution of cocaine, which cannot be too severely condemned.

The VINACOCA is carefully prepared from the best COCA LEAF ONLY. (No addition of Cocaine.)

Medical men prescribe its use in preference to Quinine or any BARK Wine. Sold in bottles at 3s. 6d. each, or 40s. per dozen.

COCA is prepared in various forms. COCA LOZENGES, COCA TABLETS, COCA ELIXIR, COCA TEA, COCA CHOCOLATE, STAMIN (Coca and Beef Extract), COCA TOBACCO, &c. Full particulars from

**The FRENCH HYGIENIC SOCIETY**  
O, CONDUIT STREET, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of a well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

"MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their establishment in Holland Street, Blackfriars, London."—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide*. Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.

Sold only in Packets by Grocers labelled thus:

**JAMES EPPS and CO.,**  
Homoeopathic Chemists, London.

**JAMES'S DEPILATORY** instantly Removes Superfluous Hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without Injury to the Skin. Of most Chemists, is; or sent with directions free from observation, post free, 15 stamps—Mrs. H. R. JAMES, 236, Caledonian Road, N.



**HANDSOME FURS.**

"THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE, 163 and 198, Regent Street, London, W. have ready one of the choicest stocks of fine furs in the world, and from their special facilities are enabled to offer extra inducements to persons desiring these garments. The goods made up are in new and beautiful designs, and consist of seal-skin jackets, coats, and dolmans of selected skins, the perfection of colour, and all of artistic finish. THEIR FUR LINED COATS FOR GENTLEMEN ARE NOT EQUALLED IN THE WORLD. In addition they manufacture fur gloves for ladies and gentlemen, fur capes, and fur boots—in fact, every garment in the fur line."—NEW YORK "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

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**INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE,**  
163 & 198, REGENT STREET,  
LONDON.





**"AN INTERESTING RUBBER."**

From the Painting by N. P. DAVIES, in possession of the Proprietors of Brooke's Soap.





THE WHEAT CROP of the present year is regarded as being smaller on the tertiary soils than in 1839, but as giving from the good loams and more fertile clays a yield superior to that of last year. The declining acreage is not regarded as reducing the total wheat yield in its own ratio, for the land on which cultivation is abandoned is naturally not the best, or even average, but the worst land. It would probably be fairly accurate if we took the average on land abandoned as wheat soil at three quarters per acre, while the rest of the country in a fairly good year produces four quarters. There is some chance of farmers adding to their wheat acreage this autumn, and, in fact, some good judges are encouraging them to do so. We cannot endorse the advice, for a 35s. average is a starvation profit, and even 35s. is 3s. to 4s. sustained recovery from the average prices of 1888 and 1889. Wheat, too, is a costly crop to secure, and as population steadily moves townwards wages rise, until we hear of 10s. a day paid for harvesting in the Isle of Thanet, and 26s. to 30s. a week in the West of England, where crops are lighter than in Kent.

THE FIRST CASE of slaughter and compensation under the new Pleuro-Pneumonia Act, which came in force on September 1st,

occurred last week at Long Ditton, in Surrey. Upon slaughter of the diseased stock, which included all animals penned therewith, the official of the Board of Agriculture attended, and, after having noted the due carrying out of the orders, paid the farmer the compensation.

THE DAIRY SHOW at Islington this year is expected to be a great success, as Mr. Barham is organising several fresh features, besides making some decided improvements in the old arrangements. No better judge of all that is practically requisite to the dairy exists, and the changes already arranged upon are such as to show that a trained expert is taking matters in hand. The prizes to be offered for bread made with skimmed milk in lieu of water will, we hope, lead to an extension of such manufacture, for bread so made can be sold at little more than ordinary bread, while its sustaining and fattening qualities are much enhanced, and its palatability increased. Cheese dairies and butter dairies will be shown at work, but we are sorry to hear complaints of the excessive costs entailed on the exhibitors. A small shedding of some fifteen feet by ten is said to cost 9*l*. for four or five days, and other exactions are reported. We suppose the rent paid is immense, and that the exhibitors have to be charged in proportion. The time has come for a real Agricultural Hall where a succession of agricultural shows could be held under the general supervision of the Board of Agriculture, and without the payment of rent.

**AUTUMN FLOWERS.**—The æsthete and the gardener continue their internecine warfare. In some important respects the æsthete has latterly had the best of it. His single dahlias, golden yellow, richest carmine, strange tawny and brickdust-red have almost driven the double dahlia, much beloved of earwigs, out of the garden and the park. On the other hand, the charming little pompon dahlias are growing yearly in size, until we have the "Midget Pompon," as what used to be called a pompon pure and simple. Asters for simple colour-decoration remain unspoilable, but the chrysanthemum is being doubly spoiled. The Japanese varieties are being exaggerated in raggedness, until they resemble the frowsy, unkempt locks of some gutter-child. On the other hand, the English sorts are being closed up in growth, and, at the same time, developed in rotundity and size, until we have the old double dahlia back among us as a chrysanthemum! The annual or true sunflower brought in by the æsthete is not to be dispossessed, but gardeners stoutly resist the introduction of the perennial sunflower, or helianthus. As, of course, no gardener has relations with the florists, who naturally find a trade in annuals better than one in perennials, we can only put down this resistance to a kindness for earwigs and small beetles, which thrive amazingly on the true sunflower, but do not seem to relish the aromatic juices of the helianthus. The gardener is now asking us about hyacinths for autumn planting. Do not follow his advice and buy the dear double bulbs; the single are the best. Double jonquils, narcissi, and daffodils have, however, a beauty of their own, though the odour of the single narcissus is more refined than that of any of the more expensive varieties, whether *ornatus*, *polyanthus*, or *tazetta*.



MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—Two songs which will pass muster in the home circle, but will not add to the reputations of their popular writers and composers, are "The Old, Old Tale," words by Edward Oxenford, music by A. H. Behrend, which bears a marked resemblance to its pleasing predecessors, "Auntie" and "Stories;" and "Ah, Well-a-Day," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by Mrs. Arthur Goodeve, a commonplace love song of a well-worn type.—There is a cheery, genial ring in "Betsy and I," written and composed by the much-regretted Michael Watson; a hearty welcome may be anticipated for this song at the coming concerts for the winter season.—A pianoforte piece of more than ordinary merit is "The Flowing Tide," by John Francis Barnett; this graceful *morceau* will well repay the trouble of learning by heart, and will not soon be forgotten by listener or player.—Two remarkably knowing looking *Dachshunds* attract attention to "Touch Not" Polka, by Felix Burns, a merry and danceable specimen of dance music.—The same may be said of "Stories" Waltz, well arranged by Edward St. Quentin upon Behrend's favourite song which bears that title.

MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—“Windsor Songs for the use of Schools” are well adapted to the purpose for which they are intended; the words are by A. J. Foxwell, the music is arranged by John Kinross. In this collection there are songs which will meet all requirements for special occasions—sad, grave, or gay.—“The Salisbury Voluntaries,” by Frank Adlam, arranged for the harmonium or organ, are unpretentious, and not lacking in originality. The composer was born at Salisbury, and went to school, when a boy, almost under the shadow of the great spire of the cathedral. We can commend this collection as a pocket-companion to the student of the organ or harmonium; some of the melodies are very sweet.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Lord Henry Somerset has scored a success with a song entitled "By a Southern Sea," for which he has supplied both words and music. There is a melancholy interest attached to "The Sea," a song, one of the only two manuscripts left by the late *Ciro Pinsuto*; the arpeggio accompaniment to the first verse is very effective; the poetic words are by *Ellen A. Hammersley* (Messrs. G. Ricordi and Co.).—As a rule we do not admire variations for the organ, but *C. E. Melville, F.C.O.*, has produced a good effect with introduction and variations upon the grand old hymn tune, "Adeste Fideles," arranged by him for the organ (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—Tuneful and simple is "A Lullaby," written and composed by *T. Smith and Alfred M'Creavy*, for a voice of medium compass (Messrs. Pitt and Hatzfield).

**BENSON'S KEYLESS "FIELD" SILVER CASES.**

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**ENGLISH LEVER HALF-CHRONOMETER**

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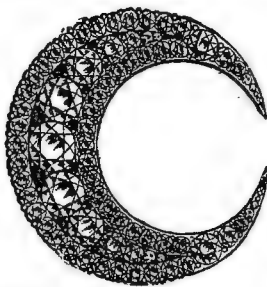


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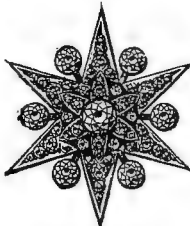
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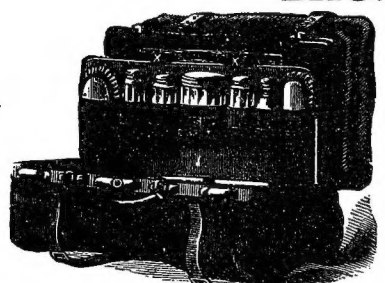
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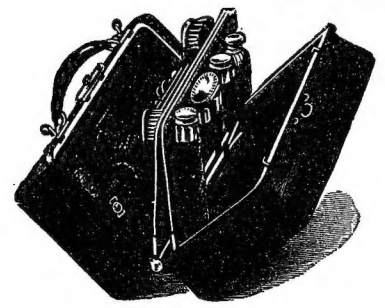
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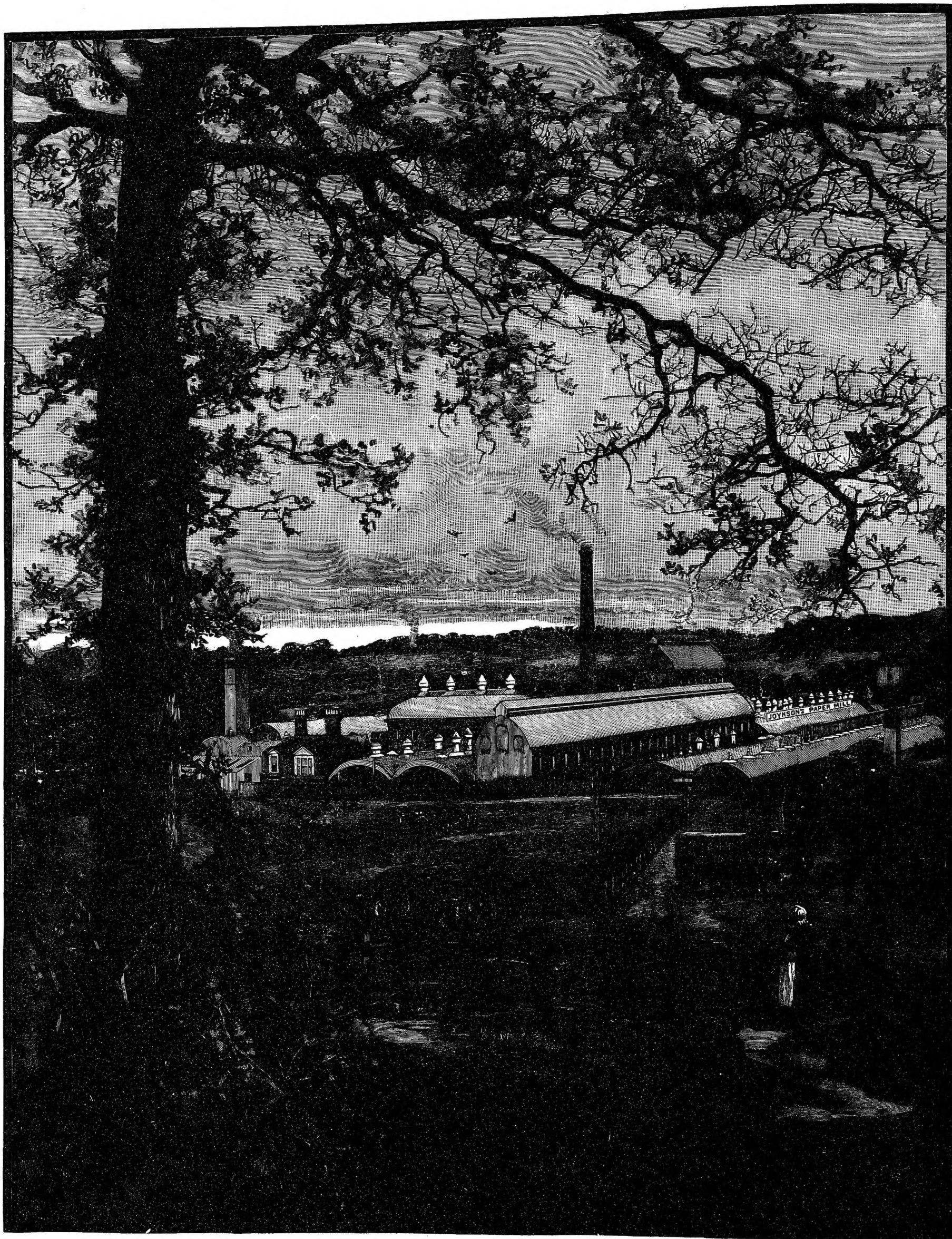
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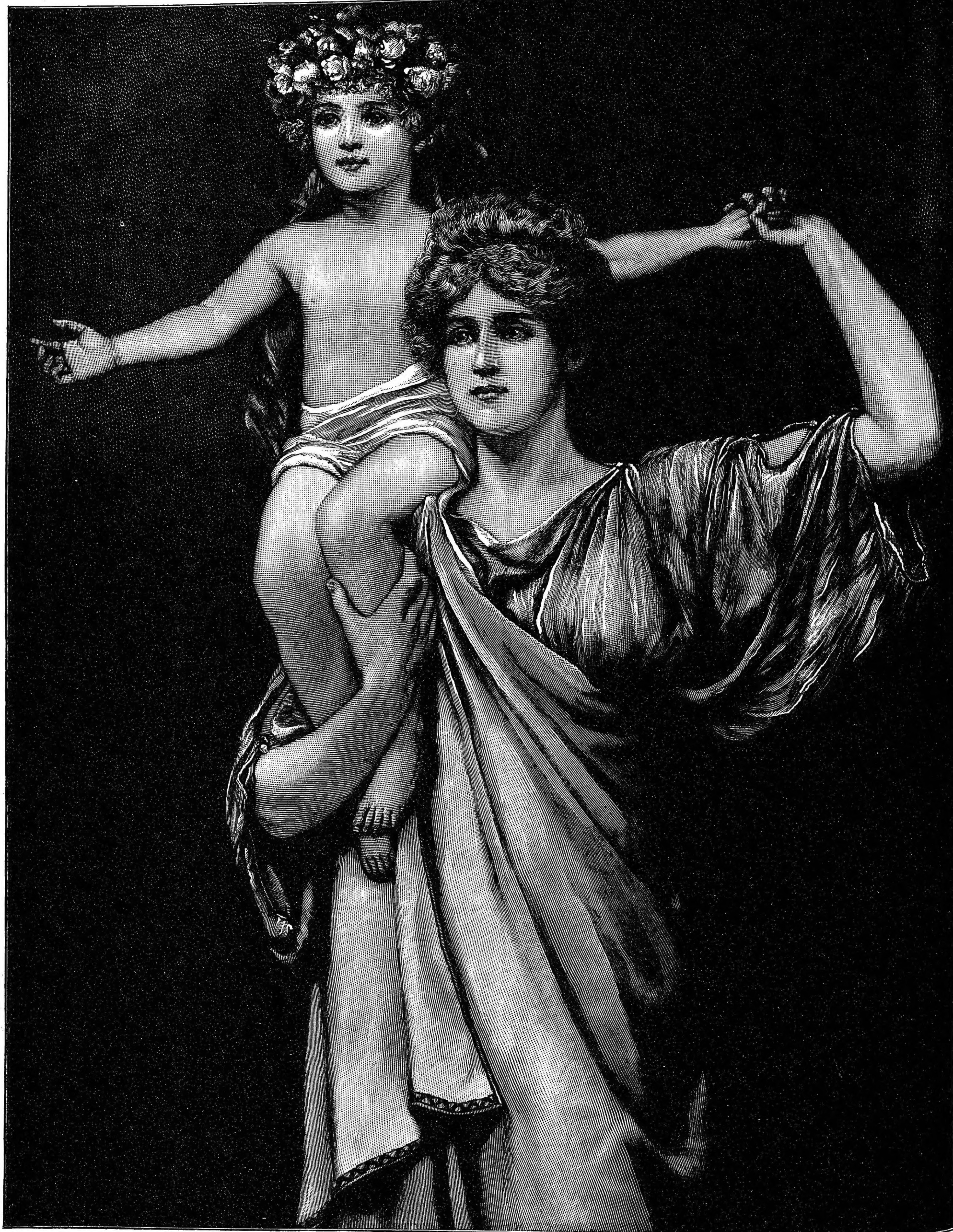
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